

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1888.

No. 3.

## Free Trade or Protection?

In the matter of **INSURANCE** it is the duty of every one owning property liable to be destroyed by fire, to seek

## PROTECTION

in some one of the reliable Companies represented by

**R. W. HILLIARD**, Resident Agt., 2 Swan's Block, - ARLINGTON.  
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## ARE YOU READY?

GO!

To Robinson's, in Bank Block,

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## Seasonable Goods

there displayed. Never before has such a large assortment been offered to the people of Arlington and vicinity. The stock embraces a full line of

**PLUSH GOODS, CARDS, ALBUMS, TOYS, DOLLS, BOOKS**  
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Call early and get the best variety and also avoid the rush of the last day or two. Remember the place,

**Bank Block. I. E. Robinson.**

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## SEASONABLE GOODS!

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Canned Goods of every sort, put up expressly for him,

Bolled Cider, Assorted Nuts, Fruit, Malaga Grapes, Vegetables of all kinds, Minced Meat, ready for baking, a superior article. 5lb boxes of Butter, choice article.

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**Beef, Pork, Lamb,**

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**BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE,**

**GAME and VEGETABLES** of all kinds in their SEASON.

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—for your—

**Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Flour,**

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Also a fine assortment of

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Westerly half of House corner Academy street and Arlington avenue. There are nine rooms, splendid cellar and good water, near churches, school house, cars, etc. For terms apply to the adjoining house, or to

C. S. PARKER, Advocate Office.

**S. P. PRENTISS,**

Teacher of

**PIANO, ORGAN AND VIOLIN!**

Director of Chorus and Orchestra.

Violins for Sale.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON.

## REMOVAL.

**PARK STREET CHURCH**

may now be found opposite

**Jackson & Co.**

THE

**HATTERS**

who have removed from their old stand, established more than thirty years, to the commodious and beautiful store,

**No. 126 TREMONT ST.,**

where they will be pleased to welcome their patrons, and show them one of the largest, most complete, and in all respects desirable stocks in the line of

**GENTLEMEN'S FINE**

**HATS**

to be found in this country, including

**Dunlap's Celebrated Hats,**

for which they are the sole agents.

### Encouraging Prospect.

From our standpoint and with a knowledge of the unusual state of activity in most of our local organizations, we believe a brighter and even more encouraging prospect is before Arlington than any prosperous season she has known in all her history has afforded. Let any one go over the town and note the new openings for dwellings in the various sections and enough will be seen to convince them that an unwonted state of affairs already exist. Let them make a few judicious enquiries, and they will find that these already tangible signs are but small compared with what is likely to be when a more favorable time for building arrives with the opening spring months.

It may not seem of any importance that the Arlington Boat Club has an elegant new boat house, in a new location, and has been immensely strengthened in membership of late by the addition of many of the more influential citizens of the town, but we believe it will be an important factor in hastening the prosperous times towards which all well wishers of the town are confidently looking.

That the Arlington Savings Bank has had an increase in its business that requires its doors to be opened four days in the week instead of two, as formerly, is another "straw to tell which way the wind blows" that the verist dullard can appreciate, for all understand how naturally and properly conservative in action all such institutions are.

From these more public institutions let the inquirer turn to our local business, in its various branches, and he will find that there has been a gratifying increase over last year.

Now let it be understood beyond peradventure that this town is solidly in the no-license column, and that in a hundred other ways she offers attractions to the new home seekers that are second to none in this beautiful valley of the Mystic and the Charles, and it will be an easy matter to turn towards us a class of home builders that will bring to the town much more than the dollars they expend in the erection of the dwellings on their newly purchased land.

At any rate let every reader of the ADVOCATE become an outspoken "advocate" of the advantages Arlington has to offer. The faults and ous about the town have been to much magnified and talked of, by those who claim here a home and should be her friends. Though a friend have faults (and who is free from them) and his companion is familiar with and often painfully conscious of them, do these "outs" form the burden of his conversation among strangers. Does he not rather seek to hide them, under such circumstances, and in a friendly but unobtrusive way seek to correct them? Why not make Arlington our friend in just this way during the coming year, and see if many of us have not found a better way than the old one of showing our friendship for the home of our birth or adoption.

### Public Installation.

Bethel Lodge rooms were the scene of an interesting ceremony, last evening, the same being a double public installation conducted in a manner highly creditable to all concerned. Relief Corps, No. 43, met in the afternoon and transacted the usual routine business, then partook of a lunch and adjourned to Town Hall, where they waited while Post 36, which met at an unusually early hour, closed up the business of the year. Shortly after eight o'clock the doors of the lodge room were thrown open to receive the members of the two organizations and a large number of invited guests, and all the floor space was utilized for seating except a narrow centre required for the coming ceremonies. Past Dept. Commander George S. Evans was then introduced by special order from department headquarters, and proceeded to install the officers of Post 36 in his own peculiarly impressive and interesting manner. The following is the full roster:—

Commander, Major Bacon.  
Sr. Vice-Com., J. A. Blanchard.  
Jr. Vice-Com., S. C. Frost.  
Surgeon, N. Nourse, Jr.  
Chaplain, A. W. Cotton.  
Quartermaster, Henry Bradley, Jr.  
Officer-of-the-Day, Horace D. Durgin.  
Officer-of-the-Guard, Henry S. Harris.  
Adjutant, Wm. S. Wood.  
Sergeant, Major E. L. Sterling.  
Q. M. Sergeant, Ammi Hall.

When the ceremony was completed, comrade E. A. Jacobs stepped forward, and addressing Past Commander Horace D. Durgin, presented him with an elegant

gold G. A. R. badge,—a large, heavy affair. In a neat case. Comrade Durgin essayed to voice his appreciation of the gift and feelingly thanked his comrades for the mark of respect and appreciation, but his manner was more eloquent than his words. During the short recess which followed, congratulations were heaped upon him, and he was the hero of the hour.

After a brief interval order was again restored, when Mrs. Randall took the gravel, only to resign it to Past Dept. President Mrs. Turner, delegated to install the officers of Relief Corps, No. 43. Mrs. Ilsley assisted her in the office of conductor, and it was the universal verdict that in all the minutia of the ceremony the ladies excelled the comrades and made their part of the service more complete and satisfactory than the more experienced comrades. The following are the officers for the year ensuing:—

President, Mrs. Georgiana Averill.  
Sr. Vice-Prest., Mrs. S. M. Nourse.  
Jr. Vice-Prest., Mrs. Josie T. Lewis.  
Treasurer, Mrs. Sarah L. Blanchard.  
Chaplain, Mrs. Carrie H. Thayer.  
Secretary, Mrs. Nellie Farmer.  
Conductor, Mrs. H. Ella Ilsley.  
Asst. Conductor, Mrs. Georgia P. Jacobs.  
Guard, Miss Belle Bacon.

This service of installation being ended Mrs. H. D. Durgin was called upon to speak for the good of the order, and asking permission of the presiding officer, she turned to Mrs. Randall, who for four years has been president of the Corps, and in one of the neatest and best delivered addresses ever spoken in the meetings of either Post or Corps, presented the retiring president with an elegant gold badge and handsome bouquet. Mrs. Randall is a ready speaker, seldom at a loss for words, but on this occasion it was not easy for her to gather the thoughts sent "wool gathering" by the unexpected but happy surprise, but she made her appreciation of the gift manifest. Then Mrs. Durgin turned to the newly installed president, Mrs. Averill, and with a few peculiarly well spoken sentences, presented her, on behalf of the Corps, with a large and handsome bouquet. The hour then being late, speech making was postponed while all partook of a fine refreshment served by the ladies, and this pleasant feature closed what all were present will acknowledge to have been an interesting, instructive and enjoyable ceremony.

### About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

—Housekeepers want to be careful. Burglars are again working this section.

—The dance by Menotomy H. & L. Co., last evening, in Wm. Penn Hall, was a success, financially and socially.

—Work on Spy Pond was suspended this morning in consequence of the storm.

—The town treasurer is busy making up the accounts of the year for publication in book form.

—The contractors for new seats for Town Hall promise them in a few days. The time agreed upon is already past.

—Confirmation will be administered by Bishop Paddock, in St. John's church, this (Friday) evening at 7.30 o'clock.

—The next meeting of the C. L. S. C. will be with Miss Baston, next Tuesday evening, when a most interesting programme will be presented.

—In another column will be found the official notice of Arlington Savings Bank, naming the new hours on which the institution is now open for business.

—Grand programme of attractions at Town Hall, next Wednesday evening, when Arlington Boat Club will manage a "Minstrel Show." Tickets, 50 cents.

—The regular Sunday school concert of the Arlington Baptist S. S. will be observed Sunday evening, Jan 15, at 6.30 o'clock. Friends are invited. Subject "The New Year."

—Rev. J. B. Gould, of Newton, will preach in the church at the Heights, next Sunday afternoon and evening. At the morning service a special subject will be announced for the evening discourse.

—Mr. Tyler will be ready in a few days to offer great bargains in boots, shoes, rubbers, furnishing goods, clothing, etc. He will emerge from "fire, water and smoke" with flying colors.

—Next Friday evening, at the Universalist church, a company of Arlington ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged dramatic talent will present J. T. Trowbridge's well-known drama "Coupon Bonds." The play is full of wit and has strong situations of which the cast will make the most and it ought to draw an audience to crowd the vestry. The particulars as to the tickets, etc., will be found in the advertisement.

—See advertisement of St. John's church for Jan. 24th. The concert promises a varied and interesting program. Prof. Whitney's name as director is warrant for every number being a musical treat.

—The regular meeting of the Young People's Christian Union will be held Sunday evening, at six o'clock, in the small vestry of the Baptist church. Leader, John W. White. All are cordially invited.

—Next Friday evening the Y. M. C. Association has a social party in Town Hall, by way of celebration of their third anniversary. It promises to be the party of the season among the young people of St. Malachy church.

—A number of the ladies of the Francis Gould Relief Corps attended the installation of the officers of the new organization of the same order, recently established in Lexington by Mrs. Randall, past president of the Corps. It took place Tuesday afternoon and evening.

—Among the other attractions at B. S. Moulton & Co.'s art gallery at 42 Hanover street, Boston, can be found full sets of Prang's wonderful chromos of war sketches, probably among the most remarkable series of pictures of this kind ever produced. All the novelties in mouldings and mountings for pictures can be found there as well as a great variety of art gems.

—Last Saturday Mr. David Crosby, for many years a resident of Arlington, died after an illness of not more than a day or two, pneumonia being the direct cause. Though Mr. Crosby had reached the advanced age of 92 years and was in quite feeble health when attacked. Until within quite a short time Mr. Crosby has been in good health, and he was able to vote at the last election.

—Mr. George D. Moore, of the Selectmen, has a brother holding the office of mayor of Le Mars, Iowa, and is in receipt of a letter from that place in which his brother says:—

"Prohibition has been a great benefit to Le Mars the past year. The stores never had such a Christmas trade as last month. Instead of the money going into the saloons, it goes to buy luxuries for the homes and family. Iowa will never have a license law again. The majority of the state is too well suited with prohibition to change back again."

—James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) will lecture at the Arlington Heights church, on Tuesday evening, January 17th, or if stormy, the following eve. Subject, "Home Life at the South after Emancipation." The many friends and admirers of Mr. Gilmore as an author and lecturer, will doubtless be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear him in a lecture, which is one of the interesting course he is now delivering before the Lowell Institute.

—The Bay State Band, of West Medford, gave a promenade concert and dance in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, presenting in the opening section a strong programme of martial music with good solo talent, but their efforts to please met with no kind of a reward, a mere handful attending. The severe cold weather was perhaps one reason, and other local entertainments in town at the same time drew others away, but there must have been some other reason for the slim attendance, it seems to us.

—Those who remember the pleasure afforded by the last "Minstrel Show" given by the members of Arlington Boat Club, will need no special inducement to call them out in the evening of Wednesday, January 18th, when the Club will present another and equally attractive bill in Town Hall, the admission to which, with reserved seat, will be 50 cts. The Club needs all the money it can raise to enable them to carry out its future plans. Its past record entitles the members to all the citizens can give them in the line of encouragement.

—The monthly sociable of the society of the Pleasant street Congregational church took place Wednesday evening. The gathering was a large one and the supper tables presented an animated appearance with the congenial company gathered about them. It was termed an old-fashioned supper and proved quite as satisfactory to the palates of to-day as it probably did in ye olden time. The time consumed in clearing away the supper tables preparatory to the entertainment was spent in social conversation by the gathering. The entertainment consisted of readings by Miss McQuestion, well known in Arlington circles as a reader, and Mr. Harris, of Allston, who gave flute solos, accompanied by Miss Elys Perry on the piano, and vocal solos by Miss Maud Frost. All three met with the hearty approval and appreciation of their audience and received encores. Miss McQuestion was particularly happy in her

selections and gave a pleasing interpretation of the same and was specially well received.

—Last Friday evening was the occasion of the installation of the newly elected officers of Circle Lodge, No 77, A. O. U. W., located at Arlington Heights, and District Deputy Grand Master Workman Wm. N. Titus and suite visited the lodge for that purpose. This lodge was instituted last February, with eighteen charter members, and present membership is 24. The lodge holds regular meetings in Union Hall, on the first and third Friday evenings of each month, which are well attended, and it is in a flourishing condition. The A. O. U. W. is one of the oldest organizations of its kind, with nearly 200,000 members and needs no recommendation but its record during the past 19 years, to bring it favorably before any gentlemen in search of a mutual benefit organization which insures its members at a low cost, and is economically managed in all its branches. The following is a list of the officers of Circle Lodge for the ensuing year, who would cordially invite any gentlemen so disposed to send in their application for membership and will gladly furnish any information they may be called upon to give inquiring friends. George A. L. Lloyd, Master Workman; W. P. Hadley, Foreman; Frank J. Arey, Overseer; Clarence T. Parsons, Past-Master Workman; Wm. E. Lloyd, Recorder; F. W. Thomas, Financier; L. Pelce, Receiver; F. L. Smith, Guide; E. B. Winship, Inside Watchman; P. E. Rose, Outside Watchman; E. P. Carver, Representative to the Grand Lodge; Clarence T. Parsons, Alternate; Trustees, Chas. G. Wheelock, L. F. Bldgham, A. F. Davis.

—The sleighing is excellent, and we presume in a few days the toboggan slide will be in first class condition for this popular sport.

—Thursday was an ideal winter day.

### Lexington's New Relief Corps.

—The installation of the officers recently elected by the Woman's Relief Corps of George G. Meade Post 119, G. A. R., was held in the vestry of the Unitarian church, on Tuesday evening. In the afternoon the corps was instituted by Miss Elliot. The installing officer was Mrs. Randall, former president of the Arlington Relief Corps, and Department Aid, and Mrs. Ilsley officiated as conductor for the installing officer. A number of the ladies, members of the organization at Arlington, were present and many others, besides the G. A. R. Post 119, of this town, making a goodly number in all to partake of a nice collation served in the upper room of the church. The list of officers installed is as follows: President, Mrs. Sarah A. Darling; senior vice-pres., Mrs. Amy L. Morse; junior vice-pres., Mrs. Josie A. Harrington; secretary, Miss Carrie A. Kauffmann; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah E. Piece; chaplain, Mrs. Julia C. Maynard; conductor, Mrs. Mattie A. Gurney; guard, Mrs. Abby J. Moulton; asst. conductor, Mrs. Agnes Packard; assistant guard, Mrs. Sarah E. Nourse. At the conclusion of the installing ceremonies, the president, Mrs. Darling, in a few words, expressed thanks to Mrs. Randall for the impressive manner in which she performed the ceremonies of installation. Congratulatory remarks were made Cote, Sherman and Past Commanders Morse and Harrington of Post 119, and Com. Bacon, and Past Com. Durgin of Post 36, and also by Miss Elliot and Mrs. Randall.

Through the FIRE,  
SMOKE and WATER  
L. C. TYLER emerges  
all right and will  
be Ready for Business  
in a Day or  
Two. Then LOOK  
OUT for BARGAINS



The Astors of New York City pay \$1,000 a year for a special guard of their houses, which, although containing tempting riches, have never been entered by persons with burglarious intent.

The Association of Grand Works of Panama has made a contract with a business house of Halphong for the supply of 1,200 coolies, who will be put to work on the Panama Canal. They are to receive \$20 a month and free board and lodging.

A Philadelphia club of lawyers has called itself the Burlaw, and since it became famous and moved into a new clubhouse in a fashionable part of the city, the members are kept busy explaining that burlaw was a sort of Scottish common law, whereby disputes between neighbors were settled at an assemblage of the people without the delay and expense of litigation.

The doubles in the present House of Representatives, at Washington, or those having similar names, are numerous. There are three Allens, four Andersons, two Bakers, two Breckenridges, four Brownes or Browns, three Campbells, two Davidsons, three Hendersons, three Hopkins, two Johnstons, two O'Neills, two Russells, only one Smith, three Stewarts, two Stones, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Thompsons, two Tanners, two Whites, two Whittings and two Wilsons. There are twelve Mc's and only five with the prefix O.

It is announced at El Paso, Texas, that the Mexican Government has granted extraordinary concessions to a real estate company to induce emigration to the States of Mexico. The company has obtained title to 55,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Durango, Coahuila, Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Michaveau, Galisco and Guerrero, and proposes to establish agencies in all the large cities of Europe and America. The Government has granted exemption from taxation to all settlers on these tracts, and insures proper protection.

One of the curious features of the courts is the number of people who want to change their names. Some desire a new name in order to come into inheritance; others prefer better sounding titles. A Chicago man named "Tinker" objected to his name because it "is an uncouth one, giving rise to much sport and ridicule, to the mortification and disgust of your petitioner." A New York musician with a Russian name claimed that he had lost several positions as a member of an orchestra because his name was hard to pronounce and difficult to remember.

Of the thirty-eight widows of Revolutionary soldiers drawing pensions from the Government, two are residents of Ohio, two of Indiana, two of Illinois, two of Kentucky and two of Michigan. Tennessee claims no less than eight, while North Carolina has five, Vermont three and Georgia three. The other old ladies are scattered about in Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and Virginia. The two oldest are ninety-five years of age and the youngest sixty-nine, the average being eighty-five. Of course the husbands of these women must have been middle-aged or quite old men with young wives. The youngest woman of the list is Nancy A. Green, of Versailles, Ind., and the two oldest are Susan Curtis, of Topsham, Me., and Nancy Rains, of Carter's Furnace, Tenn.

The last year has been unusually disastrous to navigation on the great lakes. The Chicago Tribune presents a startling array of figures of losses which have occurred in the last twelve months, and which is appalling. Two hundred and four human lives have been sacrificed and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-three vessels went to the bottom as compared to fifty-seven during 1896. Whether the increase was due to the greater severity of the storms or negligence is unknown. The effect of the property losses will be to replace the lost vessels—mostly sail—by steam propellers, lessening greatly the risk of loss, and increasing vastly the efficiency of the lake transportation service. While the loss this year was about 21,000,000 tons, the increase for next year will be about 100,000 tons.

The cotton industry in the Southern States is gradually becoming one of the most important industries in the country, says Demorest. "All over the South great activity is displayed, and now mills are continually being erected. At Columbus, Georgia, one company has added 8,000 spindles to its mill. The cost of building some of the mills has been from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and after they have been erected it has been found necessary, owing to the large increase in the cost, to extend them. At Galveston, \$1,000,000 has been expended in building a mill. All this vast expenditure of capital has been the means of giving employment to thousands of people, and the result has been that the working people of the South have bettered their condition. All the resources of the Southern States are being rapidly developed, and if this activity continues, the New South in a few years will be the great rival of the North in the industrial world."

## ABSENCE.

Fragrant odors fill the air—  
Breath of rose and violet;  
Birds in cadences most rare  
Sing for joy. But I forget  
All this music—this perfume  
Wafted from the rose's bloom:  
Sad and lonely as a tomb  
Is my heart to-day.

Robins, hush your little throats.  
Cease those sweet, ecstatic trills!  
And this fragrance fine which floats  
Through the valleys—down the hills,  
Rosess, keep till I have grown  
Glad again! My bird has flown,  
And the rose I call my own  
Blushes far away.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

## A SUDDEN THAW.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

If ever there was a woman with a frozen heart, it was old Tabitha Snape. From whence had come the cold waves that turned it to ice no one in the neighborhood where she lived ever knew. She had arrived in that neighborhood when a woman of about sixty, with three vans of furniture and a daughter. The furniture had been very fine and had been well kept. The daughter had once been very pretty, but had not been well kept. I mention the furniture first because old Tabitha Snape held it first in value. She saw it safely stowed away in the house before she let herself think that Ursula might be tired and hungry. Then she turned to her and snapped out (Dan Lewis, the van driver—he was a jolly-looking forty-year-old bachelor—heard her, and told his favorite sister of it in the evening):

"What are you a walkin' round lookin' like a ghost for? 'Spose you're hankerin' after somethin' to eat. I never want anythin' to eat when there's work to be done. I never was a slave to creeter comforts. Git along an' feed yourself." "Poor thing," said Dan, meaning the daughter, "she looked ready to faint. Pretty woman, too, but awful thin. I felt like fetchin' the old un a reg'lar smack. Those old Turks of women always do make me mad."

Ten years younger and daughter had lived in the old-fashioned two-story and a half brick house, of which they only occupied the basement floor, the rest being let to lodgers, when their front attic room became vacant, and a bill notifying the passersby of the fact was hung outside the parlor window. "To a single gentleman only," the bill had read, but a rude storm coming along the very night it was put out carried the "single gentleman" away and left only "a room to let." And the next morning Ursula answered the bell to find a little woman in widow's dress standing on the stoop. Such a pretty little woman, albeit the tip of her dainty nose had been tweaked by a bleak November wind—unmanly old chap—until it was nearly as red as her cheeks.

"You have a room to let," she began, when Ursula interrupted her with "To a single gentleman only."

"But your bill does not say so," said the little woman.

"Oh, yes it does, asserted Ursula.

"Oh, no it doesn't," said the caller.

Ursula stepped out and looked up at it.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "The single gentleman has been torn off by the wind."

"Why can't you make believe I'm a single gentleman?" asked the small widow. "No single gentleman could behave better than I do. And this is just the location I've been looking for for a long time. Being near the store for which I make pin cushions and sachets, I would not have to leave my little boy—"

She got no farther.

"Your little boy?" repeated Ursula with dilated eyes.

And she stepped inside the door again and made as though she would close it at once. But the pretty widow clasped her hands entreatingly. "Please, please let me come into the hall and finish what I was about to say," she begged.

Miss Snape opened the door just wide enough to admit her, saying, in a scared voice, as she did so: "There's no use of your talking any longer. It's not me; it's my mother. She wouldn't have a woman in the house any more than she'd have a—a—camel, and she wouldn't have a child any more than she'd have a whole menagerie. I'm sorry, but indeed she wouldn't."

"Pleasant old party," thought the little widow. But she "didn't give up the ship," to speak nautically.

On the contrary she coaxed more coaxingly than ever. "Can't you persuade your mother? Walter is a very quiet child and I will promise she shall not even hear, let alone see him. Do let me come. Your face tells me you have a kind heart, and I am sure you would be my friend if you only knew how much I need a friend. My husband's death left me alone in this big city. I have no relatives to whom to look for help, and—and—here she broke down utterly and began to cry in a heart-rending way.

That settled it. Ursula's arms were around her in a moment.

"There, there," she said, "don't cry; you shall have the room. But listen to me, mother must not know it. You must be sure and keep the child by you, and when you go out never pass the basement windows (mother and I live in the basement) turn the other way. My mother has not been able to leave her room since she fell on the ice and broke her leg last winter. So perhaps we can manage it, but if we are found out I won't answer for the consequences, for my mother is a very—very—arbitrary woman; and now good-bye; she'll be wondering where I've been all this time. I shall tell her the room is rented. She'll never dream that I've dared to let it to a woman—and a woman with a little boy. I shall have to speak of you as a 'party.' For really I don't dare to go so far as to call you a 'single gentleman.'"

This set the little widow laughing and she looked prettier than ever—her smile gleaming through her tears as she stood on tiptoe and kissed the faded cheek that had not been kissed before for years.

So the young widow and her lovely blue-eyed, golden-haired boy—the perfect model of a little angel! Ursula declared him—was installed in the front attic-room that very evening. And a cozy room it was, too, with a cheery fire

in a tiny stove, and warm crimson curtains draping the corner window that overlooked the broad, busy street.

"I think you will find it real snug quarters here, Mrs. Brown," said Dan Lewis as he sat down the party's trunk. (He had been a friend of her husband and was always ready to do her a good turn.) "You won't see the old lady as long as she is lame, and I guess that may be for years, or it may be forever, as the song says; and the daughter, though I haven't spoken to her more'n half a dozen times, strikes me as a nice sort of woman. Pretty, too, if she wasn't so awful thin."

And, as time went on, Mrs. Brown found her a nice sort of woman—in fact, a very nice sort of woman. True, she only saw her for about an hour every afternoon, when old Tabitha Snape was taking her after-dinner nap, but given an hour every afternoon for a few weeks and two women can become very well acquainted. And soon—Ursula telling it in chapters, as it were—the little widow knew the whole history of her landlady and her landlady's daughter. Of which history it is only necessary that I should repeat that portion relating to Ursula's only brother's wife and child. And I will repeat it in Ursula's own words.

"My mother fairly idolized my brother," she said, "and hoped and prayed that he would never marry. But, shortly after my father's death, when he was but twenty-three years old, he died. And in two years his wife deserted him and her baby-boy. He lived only a year after she left him. Then my mother gave all her love to his child, who looked as much like an angel as your Walter does. Well, when the boy was five years of age his wicked mother stole him from us and in spite of all our efforts we never saw him again until one evening we found him at our door dying from privation and ill-usage. And when he passed to the summer land, 'Never,' cried my mother, 'never shall woman or child enter my house again.' Then we left our home, which is miles and miles away, and came here, where my life has been lonely enough I can tell you, for my mother's whole nature seemed to change on the day of my little nephew's death, and from being a kind and loving woman she became a very—very arbitrary one. Your coming has made it oh! so much brighter, but I live in constant dread that she will find out—"

"Oh! no she won't," interrupted the little widow. "No one but Dan knows I'm here and there's no fear of his telling. He's a good fellow, Dan is," and Ursula fancied there was a blush on her cheek as she said so.

"Yes, he seems to be a good fellow," said the landlady's daughter, with a sigh.

Well, the widow had been installed in the front attic room for a month and a half, when she awoke morning to say to herself: "Dear me! This is the day before Walter's holiday, and I'll have to leave him home while I go out to buy him some toys. I must try and go while the old lady is taking her nap, so that Ursula can stay with him."

But she couldn't get the work—on the payment for which depended the buying of the toys—done in time, to carry out this plan, so she was obliged to start just after the old lady had taken her nap. And, fearing to leave the child in the room with the fire, she carried him to the room below heated by the cellar furnace, the occupant of which being really "a single gentleman," was away at business, and after enjoining him to touch nothing, but sit and look out of the window until she came back, she kissed him good-bye and departed.

Walter sat still for a long quarter of an hour. Then he slid from the chair and walked about the room, looking at the pictures, and pipes, and canes, etc. Then down the long stairs he toiled, to be confronted by the closed parlor doors. "Guess there isn't any chimney in there," he said, after trying in vain to turn the door-knobs, and away he went down the next flight of stairs, till the lowest hall was reached. And here, pausing at an open door, he looked in at a grim old woman sitting in a big, old-fashioned rocking-chair, with her knitting in her hands. And there stood the child, tightly grasping the little red stocking, one tiny foot bare, his blue eyes wide open, and a bright smile on his rosy lips, when this grim old woman glanced to glance that way.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked in so gruff a voice that nine hundred and ninety-nine children out of a thousand would have been so frightened by it that they would have turned and ran or stood and screamed. But Walter was the thousandth. He did neither. Into the room he walked, the smile still on his rosy lips, and in his bird-like tones replied:

"Why, grandmamma, I'm little Walter."

Tabitha Snape dropped her knitting in her lap. "I'm not your grandmamma," she said, a shade less gruffly than she had spoken before.

"But won't you be?" asked the child, coming up close to her and looking up earnestly into her face. "Won't you be? My other one has gone to Heaven, and my papa's gone there too. You look just like a very nice grand—"

But, before he could finish the sentence, Tabitha Snape caught him to her bosom, the ice around her heart melted and ran dissolved in warm tears from her eyes. Her daughter, coming in a few moments after, stood for an instant as though turned to stone, and then flew to stop the little widow in her search for her boy, and tell the wonderful, wonderful news.

Walter's lap that night couldn't hold half, no, nor quarter, the sweets brought him. And as for the kitchen table, that was nearly covered by the presents bought for the golden-haired darling by Aunt Ursula, Grandmamma Snape and Dan Lewis. Yes, Dan Lewis, for the old lady had actually allowed him to call and leave his presents for the widow's boy with her.

Ursula had met him at the toy-shop whither her mother had sent her and had told him also the wonderful, wonderful news.

"And now, Mr. Lewis," she went on hesitatingly, "now that my mother is once more like the mother of my childhood—another miracle wrought by a little child—I've no doubt she can soon be persuaded to allow you to call on Mrs. Brown. We haven't any parlor, as you know, but mother's room is a place—"

"Bless your heart!" suddenly interrupted Dan, "it's you I want to call on, not Mrs. Brown, though no one admires the pretty widow or loves her little boy more than I do. But when it comes to downright, reg'lar calling, it's you, Miss Ursula, that Dan Lewis wants to indict that sort of thing upon."

"Good gracious! and what for?" stammered Ursula, letting the china lamb she was holding drop from her hand, thereby depriving that interesting quadruped of a head.

"What—for—Mr. Lewis?"

"Well, see here. Miss Ursula (never mind the lamb—I'll get you a whole flock of 'em), you've led your mother for some time past to believe that there was one more gentleman lodger in the house than there was, haven't you? And, although you must be thirty years of age—hey! Thirty-five! Oh, no, nothing of the sort. Thirty, my dear, thirty; and, as I say saying, although you are thirty years of age, that most praiseworthy deception has lain heavy on your very young conscience. Let me help you make amends for it. Give me a home in your house—not as a single, but as a double, with you as my other and better half."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Ursula.—*Devoit Free Press.*

## The Most Famous English Bankers.

The most famous of English bankers are the Barings, to whom a sort of American interest attaches because one of the greatest of the house, Alexander Baring, married the celebrated Philadelphia heiress and beauty, Anne Louise Bingham. She was one of the first of American peeresses, Mr. Baring becoming Lord Ashburton in 1835. It was with him, while he was Minister from England, that Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, negotiated the treaty settling the northeastern boundary. The details of the treaty were arranged between these old-fashioned diplomats while they were off on a fishing excursion together. The founder of the banking-house was Sir Francis Baring, who died in 1810, leaving a fortune of £2,000,000 to his three sons—Thomas, Alexander and Henry. Thomas, succeeding to the baronetcy, gave up the business. Henry, the youngest brother, had rather a romantic reputation as a lucky gambler, who was frequently able to break the bank of a gambling-house. He was the amazement of beholders when he would sit down at a gambling-table with piles of gold and notes before him, and continue to play until the bank was compelled to stop. But the reputation of a successful gambler was hardly suited to the membership of a great banking-house, and Mr. Henry was induced to retire from the firm. Alexander Baring, often called "Alexander the Great," continued the business and extended the fortunes of the house. He it was that advanced the money after Waterloo that freed France from the occupation of the allied armies. "There are six great powers in Europe," said a statesman at that time, "England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia and the Barings." While not as wealthy or powerful as the house of Rothschild, they have frequently been its successful rival in great financial operations.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## People Who Snore.

It is perfectly true that no one ever heard of a snoring savage, says a writer in the *Firebird*. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more silent sleeping adversary. In the natural state, then, "natural selection" weeds out those who disturb their neighbors by making night hideous with their snores. With civilization, however, we have changed all this. The impure air of our sleeping rooms induces all catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to be affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on its way to the lungs, and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded, the nose becomes obstructed. A part of the air enters and escapes by way of the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents—that through the mouth and the one passing through the partially closed nostrils—like a torn sail in the wind. The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified. From the continual operation of these causes—the increase of impure air in the sleeping rooms and permitting habitual snorers to escape killing and scalping—some scientists have predicted that in the future all men (and the women, too) will snore. It goes along with the decay of the teeth and baldheadedness.

## Smelling Bad Money.

While walking through a part of the Twenty-fifth Ward the other night with a man who was once in Government employ and who has been mixed up more or less in chemistry, I called his attention to a curious smell that pervaded the precinct. The night was still and muggy, and the heavy air was charged with a smell like burning metal. The man stopped and began to sniff. "H'm," said he. "That's rather odd" (Sniff). "Antimony?" (Sniff). "By George! Do you know what that is? Somebody's making counterfeit money!" In Wednesday's paper I read with a little start of surprise a paragraph stating that counterfeit half dollars had made their appearance in this city in considerable numbers. Here is a chance for a sharp-nosed detective to distinguish himself.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## A Whooping-Cough Cure.

Dr. Mohr, of Christiania, communicates to his Norwegian confreres a new method of treatment for whooping-cough for which he claims remarkable results, the disease being cured in a single night. His plan consists simply in the thorough disinfection, by means of burning sulphur, of the rooms, clothing, etc., used by the affected children. The children are taken out of the room, the bedding, furniture and playthings are burned for every 100 cubic feet of space in the room. After the room has been thus exposed to the sulphurous acid fumes the affected children are allowed to re-enter and occupy it. As a result of this treatment it is claimed that attacks of coughing are immediately alleviated, and often entirely disappear.

## HOW A BLIND MAN SEES.

### THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF A WESTERN MAN.

Totally Blind, and yet Able to Travel Without an Escort by Perception—Some Tests.

Many instances have been related showing that deflection in any one or more of the human senses often results in developing the corresponding inner sense. This has been more frequently observed in persons afflicted with loss of sight and hearing. One of the kind is interestingly described in a late issue of the *Chicago Herald*, which can be safely taken as one of the most remarkable on record.

Mr. Henry Hendrickson, born in Norway forty-three years ago, but who has lived in this country forty years, was deprived of sight when six months old. He was educated at the institution for the blind in Janesville, Wis., and is the author of a book entitled "Out of the Darkness," somewhat in explanation of the mediumship with which he is becoming endowed, although unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to the known laws of physical science.

The narrative states that he is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and, with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste, and when going on territory entirely strange to him. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see.

Describing his habits to the reporter, he said: "When in a train at full speed I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime, or to determine our speed. Of course I do not see them, but I perceive them. It is perception. Of course my perceptive qualities are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same at midnight as at midday. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me."

A practical test was made. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in his chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for anyone to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane was held up in various positions, and in answer to the inquiry: "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers, without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles.

"I have never," he said, "by the ordinary sense of sight seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight or discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you: Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into, and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception the size and configuration of the room."

He then related that being in New York in 1871, he walked from Union Square to a friend's house on Forty-first street, a long distance, with several turns, and did not make a miss. He said: "I knew the house when I came to it. I did not see it, yet I did it. I am studying shorthand, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first, but am now able to write very well."

Another remarkable illustration of his power to see without eyes is this: If one make motions in the air like beating the time for a choir, but describing phonetic characters, he tells the characters, and interprets them. What might be termed a "crucial test" of this was given the *Herald* reporter.

Mr. Hendrickson further said: "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small and indistinct. The faster I go, the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something. It is light to me, and I discern everything."

## Simple Water Tests.

Test for Hard or Soft Water: Dissolve a small quantity of good soap in alcohol. Let a few drops fall into a glass of water. If it turns milky it is hard; if not, it is soft.

Test for Earthy Matters or Alkali: Take litmus paper dipped in vinegar, and if, on immersion, the paper returns to its true shade, the water does not contain earthy matter or alkali. If a few drops of syrup be added to water containing an earthy matter, it will turn green.

Test for Carbonic Acid: Take equal parts of water and clear lime water. If combined or free carbonic acid is present, a precipitate is seen, to which, if a few drops of muriatic acid be added, an effervescence commences.

Test for Magnesia: Boil the water to a twentieth part of its weight, and then drop a few grains of neutral carbonate of ammonia into a glass of it, and a few drops of phosphate of soda. If magnesia be present it will fall to the bottom.

Test for Iron: Boil a little nut gall and add to the water. If it turns gray or slate black iron is present. Dissolve a little prussiate of potash, and if iron is present it will turn blue.

Test for Lime: Into a glass of water put two drops of oxalic acid and blow upon it. If it gets milky lime is present.

Test for Acid: Take a piece of litmus paper; if it turns red there must be acid. If a blue sugar paper is turned red, it is a mineral acid.—*Health and Home.*

## A Child's Logic.

A little girl was teasing her mother for more indulgence and was put off with "Wait till to-morrow."

The following day she renewed her teasing, and was reminded that she had said the same thing yesterday.

"But mamma," said the child, earnestly, "this isn't yesterday, it's to-morrow."

This reasoning was successful.—*Devoit Free Press.*

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

New clover-leaf lace pins are encircled by the stem of the leaf.

Tucks are likely to be revived as a garniture for dress skirts.

The study of astronomy is becoming fashionable among French ladies.

An odd bacelet is composed of twelve small gold enameled flags of as many nations.

The newest departure in bangle rings is a tiny vinaigrette pendant, attached by a slender chain.

When two fabrics are used on very rich princess dresses the fronts of the corsage are different.

The most popular black silk dress at the present time is a combination of fable Francaise and watered silk.

Some of the newest large hats on children have the sides tied down over the ears by a ribbon which passes over the crown.

A new principle has been devised for cutting dresses of checked materials, thereby minimizing the number of seams.

Wide fichu collars of plush, that cover the shoulders and are pointed in front, are used upon short cloth cloaks with pleasing effect.

A joint stock company, composed entirely of women, has been incorporated in Stockton, Cal., for the purpose of dealing in real estate.

Some of the newest embroidered woollens are wrought in self colors, the embroidery being edged with a sort of open-work woollen lace.

When passementerie is used upon black dresses, apple green, cherry red or white silk is often inserted beneath the gimp, with excellent effect.

Donna Juan Parrago v. de Fuenzalida has just died in Rancagua, Chili, at the age of 120 years. She lived to see her great-great-grand-children.

Some new black jackets of English manufacture have heavy cord epaulettes, and show a narrow waistcoat of red cloth, bordered with small gold buttons.

White cloth with Turkish embroidery of gold is a favorite material for dressy bonnets. It is generally used for the soft crown with dark velvet edging on the front.

A new braid is silk soutache, edged with gold or silver. A charming dress of gray striped woolen was decorated with gray braid edged with silver, laid upon gray pout de soie.

Inexpensive combination dress patterns are partly of plain wool and partly of velvet, striped or barred, either matching or contrasting with the wool, and come in all the fashionable dark shades.

New cloths having a border woven on one edge are used for long cloaks, the border being placed in two rows upon the front. These borders are of contrasting colors, sometimes showing cashmere designs.

Dressy black costumes have the skirts composed of lenthwise rows of cord passementerie and black velvet sash ribbon. The ribbon, which is seven or eight inches wide, has inch-wide stripes of velvet and repped silk.

Overdresses of black ladies' cloth or Henrietta cloth, above lower skirts of plush or cloth in tan color, green, terracotta or the lighter tints, chamais and pearl-gray, are favored by both young and middle aged ladies.

A tailor-made costume of fine red serge had the entire bodice, from the throat to the edge of the basque, covered with inch-wide black braid, tapering at the waist, a very effective and becoming arrangement.

A lady living in Rappahannock, county, Va., had twelve stands of bees, which were very valuable until a distillery was in the neighborhood. Since it was started, however, the bees pay frequent visits to the still, get very drunk, and are of little profit.

Braiding is, as everyone knows, very fashionable, in both wide and narrow braids, and in every conceivable design. A novelty in this line was worked in intricate patterns with smooth rat-tail chenille, like that so popular in fringe two or three seasons ago.

Garibaldi waists, with a pointed yoke and belt, are popular for house wear. Cashmere Jersey cloth, light-weight faced cloth and fine striped flannels are all utilized for these waists, and the yoke, collar, cuffs and belt are generally braided in black or a darker shade of the same color.

A stylish costume of black and tan color was made with a polonaise of black cashmere, tan-colored silk being used for the lower skirt and vest. The skirt was edged with slender leaf points, over a fold of velvet, and the fronts of the black bodice were cut in similar point next the tan-colored vest.

Now that plain skirts are preferred to all others, much depends upon the perfection with which they are hung on the arrangement of their draperies. The highest skill of the dressmaker is often taxed to make the skirt of a heavy cloth costume stand out stylishly at the back without visible support from beneath.

Dresses of green wool, combined with green and red velvet, are in high favor with the young ladies. The skirts of these dresses are perfectly plain and are nearly covered with long, full overskirt. The velvet is set on the lower skirt as a wide border either at the edge or three or four inches above it, and is also used as a vest, plastron or revers upon the basque.

The Queen of Portugal wears the Paris life-saver medals because, in 1871, while bathing at Cascaes with her son Charles and Alfonso, eleven and nine respectively, she swam out to save her children from drowning. A large wave suddenly swept the children off their feet, and their mother, in trying to rescue them, came near drowning. But they were seen by the Lightship keeper, who dashed in and successfully getting them safely to land.

## A Mother of Emphatic.

"I never saw anything in the way of wood as large as the tree of the world," said a mother.

"No," snapped Miss Figg, "never saw anything in the way of a tree."

"It was her father on the 'Herald' who said that wood was the tree of the world," said Miss Figg.



## NEW YORK'S BIG HOSPITAL.

### MAKING A NIGHTLY ROUND OF INSPECTION IN BELLEVUE.

Inmates of the "D. T." Cells—An Army of Sick People—The Ambulance House and Morgue.

Bellevue Hospital is the largest institution of its kind in New York. There are fifteen doctors and a small army of help on duty day and night. A New York *World* reporter has been spending a night in the great building. We quote from his description as follows:

It was now time for the busy Night Captain to make one of his stated rounds of inspection, and the *World* representative accompanied him. On the later rounds the Captain wore his uniform and soft slippers, so as not to disturb the sleeping patients. The man or woman must be no ordinary pedestrian who will care to make this tour of Bellevue more than once.

Walking straight back from the main entrance to the basement we meet the cells where the male D. T.'s are confined. There were ten of them and the physician was just examining them. One was lying in a heavy stupor, while another after three days' treatment, was fitfully slumbering and moaning and chattering and shaking as mortal never shook with the severest form of ague. Probably he is dead now. The remaining eight contrived to array themselves on two benches for inspection and desperately braced themselves to deceive the keen-eyed doctor. Their pleas for immediate liberation were ingenious and intensely eager, but to only two of the lot was any promise vouchsafed that they might soon be released.

In the cells for women afflicted with alcoholism were seven inmates, whose sex and sufferings made them look even more degraded and repulsive than the men. They were quiet when seen, but the entrance of a violent patient is always liable to excite the rest and produce a scene rivaling bedlam for a time. Men or women with nerves shattered by alcoholism are easily scared and frenzied. The visitors were glad when the stout door of this quarter closed behind their retreating feet. Even the ghastly stillness of the Morgue, which was afterwards visited, could not provoke such a shudder of repugnance.

Through the wards of the main building the guide now led the way, and it seemed to be a walk of miles. Men, women and children are kept, of course, in separate divisions, and are classified or distributed, moreover, according to the character of their ailments. The medical and surgical divisions are subdivided, so that many affections will be found in one room, fractures in another, amputations in another, and so on through the formidable list of ills that flesh is heir to. In one of the male wards occupied chiefly by convalescents a patient was slowly and distantly reading the *World* aloud, while all his neighbors listened with interest. In almost all the other wards a stillness prevailed that was wholesome rather than oppressive. Very little moaning or coughing was heard, and one was agreeably surprised at the expression of serenity, and even cheerfulness, visible on almost every face. In the Sturges pavilion, where the bandaged stump of a severed arm or leg rivets the gaze from nearly every cot, the faces of the men were strong and calm.

Tidy nurses in quiet uniforms and white caps flitted noiselessly about. Attached to every ward is a male orderly always on duty in a room adjoining it, and always alert to the nurse's call. Pressure on an electric button sends a signal to the main office, and summons physician, clergyman, or whoever else may be required. If a Catholic patient is in imminent danger at night, a couple is promptly despatched to the rectory of St. Stephen's Church for Bellevue is in Dr. McGlynn's old parish. Among the priests of St. Stephen's are linguists who converse with patients of almost every nationality. A Protestant chaplain is regularly maintained at Bellevue by an Episcopal mission. The clergymen of other denominations visit and hold services, but none of them receives any compensation from the public purse therefor.

Of the big staff of physicians and surgeons who battle there with pain and disease only one, Dr. Stuart Douglas, the expert of the insane pavilion, is a permanent resident. The other members of the house staff, including the ambulance surgeons, compete for this arduous service which carries no pay with it. Half of their number are always on duty at night, ready to respond to every call, including ambulance duty if necessary.

As the *World* men and their pilot reached the third floor by the stairway the big elevator came slowly and smoothly up, carrying a patient on a stretcher. It is probably the most spacious passenger lift in New York, because of the loads it has to carry, and it moves without a jar. From it the sick man or woman can be transferred to any floor.

Anybody unfamiliar with the place would naturally imagine that shocking sights and sounds must constantly assail the senses in an institution harboring five hundred and fifty human beings in all stages of illness and mutilation. Nothing could be further from the fact. The cots are clean and comfortable with their white spreads, and the occupants are soothed by the attention they receive. Even in the children's ward, where cots were occupied by dozens of little boys and girls, who had smashed their limbs by falling downstairs or by getting run over, or who had been burned severely or otherwise hurt, there was not a murmur nor a groan. One little girl, recovering from a surgical operation on the face, was demurely playing with a large cat.

By the way, there is a legion of cats in Bellevue. You meet them everywhere. They are tolerated for their usefulness in banishing rats and mice, and also for the interest they arouse in the patients. Many sick persons make pets of them, and think the place more homelike because of their presence. Only a limited number, however, obtain access to the wards. The rest must take potluck in the basement.

High up in one of the wings our itinerary brought us to the prison cell or "cage," so called because it is the receptacle for wounded criminals or attempted suicides. Inside the locked door of the silent iron fence that extends

from floor to ceiling a policeman is always on guard, day and night. "We have but a small attendance to-night," said he. "The man on the bed behind the screen fractured his skull in a fit of alcoholism. The stout man sitting near by put two bullets into his own chest and they are still there, yet he is convalescent now." Occupants of this cage are liberated from it alive only to be taken before the criminal courts.

Our next visit was to the ambulance-house. Entering the door you come face to face with an intelligent-looking horse, harnessed to an ambulance and eager to be off the instant a signal is sounded. A watchman sits near by. Before a second stroke is sounded on the gong the drivers come tumbling downstairs. Seven other horses are in the adjoining room ready for a quick gallop should an emergency require them all to be sent out. One wagon is always kept in readiness day and night and, should the signal denote urgency, three minutes rarely elapse before the ambulance, with a surgeon in it, is galloping up Twenty-sixth street. The surgeon carries a case of instruments, an improvised siphon stomach pump, antidotes for poisons, some select standard medicines and stimulants, while under the driver's seat are copious supplies of lint, oakum, splints, bandages, carbolic oils, etc. Any wound or mishap can thus receive instant treatment, enabling the patient to be transferred to the hospital.

When a death occurs in any of the wards, the patient's cot is shielded from the gaze of neighbors by movable screens. Two orderlies quietly step in and remove the body by carrying away the upper frame work of the bed whereon it rests. This is often done so noiselessly as not to awaken the surrounding sleepers. If the dead man or woman has any known relatives or friends they are immediately notified and the body delivered to them for burial if they so desire. The letters "W. B." on the daily register mean that friends will bury; "C. B." are the initials of the sad announcement "Can't bury," while the remark "No friends," carries its own melancholy suggestion.

Waiting outside while the Night Warden saw that everything went smoothly in the cryptic pavilion, which stands away back on the brink of the river, we next bent our steps to the dark Morgue, unlocked the door, and, with the dim light of a candle, explored the interior. Giving rein to one's imagination, one might easily picture it as a chamber of horrors, with the tide-sobbing beneath, but in sober truth its quiet was a welcome contrast to the living misery of the delirium tremens cells. A score of tiny cots, most of them from the Foundling Asylum, inspired sorrowful rather than gruesome notions. A trap-door in the floor allows the bodies of drowned persons to be lifted from the boat beneath without being seen from the windows of the hospital or from passing steamers in the river. Except when the reception slabs contain many disfigured corpses, the Morgue is not so shocking a place as many people imagine it to be. To those, however, who go there in the expectancy of identifying a missing relative, the associations must necessarily be unnerving and unpleasant.

The long round of inspection ended with a rapid circuit of the insane pavilion, wherein persons are detained for not more than three days while their mental condition is investigated. They are then either released or committed to some institution. Apart from some disjointed mutterings, all was quiet when the *World's* representatives made the rounds and gladly got back to rest in the main office.

### Ice That Never Melts.

It is remarkable indeed that so much of the surface ground on the Yukon is frozen solid to a depth of several feet. It is all the more so when we come to realize the fact that during the summer it gets as hot there as in the South. During the heat of the past season the miners found it a great convenience to go in bathing in the streams at least twice a day, and to seek shady places in which to rock the gold out of the gravel. At the breaking up of winter the hours of sunshine are rapidly increasing and continue so until midsummer, when the sun beams forth twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while on the high mountain peaks it is for a period of several days in June not entirely out of sight the twenty-four hours.

But during all this heat and long days of continuous sunshine the sun's rays do not penetrate the heavy mosses that cover nearly the entire surface of the country, and consequently the frozen ground underneath lies in that state as if packed in ice. After it once becomes frozen, as any damp ground will do in the winter time, it quickly becomes covered with this moss, which is of a remarkably rapid growth and attains a depth of two feet or more. During the heat of summer this moss becomes dry to the depth of several inches, and the miners think that by a continuous burning of it as fast as it dries they will soon have the gravel bars along the creeks; at least, cleared off, being of the impression that when the gravel deposits are exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and rains and atmosphere they will readily thaw out.

When winter sets in the hours of sunshine gradually decrease until during the shortest days the sun shines but four hours out of the twenty-four. But at this period the sun's rays are most intense, and helps very materially in driving darkness from that dreary land. The thermometer goes down to seventy degrees in winter, but the atmosphere is very dry, and consequently the cold is not so perceptible as one would imagine. —*Juneau (Alaska) Free Press.*

### Eight Hundred Dollars for an Egg.

At Mr. J. C. Stevens's auction rooms in King street, Covent Garden, this week, a large number of ornithologists assembled to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk.

Before offering the lot Mr. Stevens remarked that in 1880 two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they fetched 100 and 102 guineas respectively. Of the recorded eggs twenty-five were in eighteen museums and forty-one in nineteen private collections—forty-three out of the sixty-six being in Great Britain.

The first bid of twenty guineas was made by a well known ornithologist and was followed by sixty guineas from L. Field, to whom it was eventually knocked down at 100 guineas. —*St. James's Gazette.*

## THE TEMPLES OF KIOTO.

### AN AMERICAN'S SIGHT-SEEING IN A JAPANESE TOWN.

The Imperial Palace, Temples, Monasteries and Idols—Sweet Japanese Bells—The Largest Temple.

The visitor to Kioto, says W. J. Holland in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, finds much in the round of sight-seeing which recalls his experience in Italian cities, save that instead of churches he is called upon to go the rounds of innumerable temples. Of course everybody goes to visit the Imperial Palace, which is located in the northern part of the city. In order to obtain a view of the interior permission must be obtained from the Imperial Household Department at Tokio. The palace does not consist of a single large edifice, but of a number of buildings built in strictly Japanese style, and enclosed in a large oblong compound containing twenty-six acres and surrounded by a stucco wall twenty feet high, covered with a tile roof and pierced by a number of large gateways.

The southern gate is the largest, and is used upon State occasions. The gate on the eastern side, near the front of the enclosure, is used by the Empress, who is not allowed to go in and out by the same way as her august husband. The buildings within the enclosure are large and roomy, the apartments covered with beautiful soft matting, and the screens decorated with paintings by well known masters in the style which is familiar nowadays to every one as strictly Japanese. These pictures mainly represent flowers and birds. Some of them are exceedingly well executed.

The temples and monasteries in Kioto proved of far greater interest to me than the palace. The base of the bill upon which the Yamii Hotel stands is literally covered with Buddhist establishments, many of them surrounded by beautiful gardens and groves, commanding a fine view of the city, and dating their original foundation from a remote past. As I sit in my room and write I can hear the monotonous fun-fum of the drums in the temple attached to the Chion-in Monastery, the grounds of which adjoin those of the hotel on the north. This drumming is the first sound I hear in the morning, and the last thing I hear at night. This Chion-in Monastery boasts the possession of one of the largest bells in Japan, a monster of bronze, eleven feet high, nine feet in diameter, and nine and one-half inches thick at the rim.

Japanese bells are not rung, but struck by a wooden beam which is swung against them, falling upon a projecting bass upon their sides. The sound of this bell is like musical thunder. The tone of these bells is inconceivably sweet and rich. Why do not some of our wealthy churches import first-class Japanese bells and swing them in their bellies? It would be an act of kindness to ears now racked and tortured by inharmonious jangling and harsh discord.

The residence of the Abbot of the Chion-in is filled with artistic and literary treasures. Some of the decorated screens are by celebrated masters, and are truly beautiful. Some are curious rather than replete with artistic sense. Among the latter I may mention the greasy blotch upon the Shoji, which is pointed out as the sparrow painted by Nobumasa in such life-like manner that it flew off from the screen, and the pine trees upon the doors in the veranda which exuded pitch, so natural were they. As far as I could judge the exudation of pitch arose from the doors themselves, which are of pine, and was due to the heat of the sun rather than the skill of the artist.

To the east of the hotel upon the hill-side stand in long succession temples and pagodas embowered in beautiful groves and gardens. One of the most remarkable of these establishments is the Kiyomidzu-dera, the origin of which is shrouded in the mists of a remote antiquity. The deity worshiped here is the Goddess of Rice, who fills a place in the Japanese Pantheon analogous to that of Ceres among the old Greeks and Romans. She is said to have revealed herself upon the hill back of the temple twelve hundred and more years ago, and indicated this as a fit place for her worship. I noticed that rice and beans constitute a part of the offerings brought by the votaries, and also sparrows, which are not sacrificed, but simply inclosed in a great cage.

The path from the Kiyomidzu-dera which we took to reach the Dai-Butsu, or Big Buddha, led through a beautiful clump of bamboo. A man had been engaged in felling some of the specimens and I took opportunity to measure the length of the fallen giants. The largest was fifty-eight feet in length and six inches in diameter at the butt. The bamboo attains even a greater diameter than this.

The Dai-Butsu, of Kioto, stands upon the site occupied by a great bronze Buddha, which was larger even than that in Nava, which I described in my last letter. It was unfortunately destroyed, together with the temple over it, by an earthquake which took place in the year 1662 A. D.

The remains of the image were melted down and cast into copper coins, a few fragments only being preserved. A wooden image of the same size, lacquered so as to resemble bronze, was set up in 1667. This was injured by lightning in 1775, and though restored, finally consumed by fire in 1798. The present image, likewise of wood, was set up in 1801 by a public spirited citizen of Osaka. It represents simply the head and shoulders of old Buddha, and is about forty feet high. It is extravagantly ugly, and I did not wonder that the priest in charge only charged half a cent for the privilege of seeing it.

Not far from the "Big Buddha" is the San-Jiu-San-Gen-Do, or "Temple of the Thirty-three Spaces," so-called from the number of the intervals between the wooden columns which support the roof. It is the largest temple in Japan, having a frontage of 380 feet and a depth of 37 feet. Under its copped and dusty roof are enshrined the "thirty and three thousand three hundred and thirty-three Kwansons," or Goddesses of Mercy. In reality there are only one thousand large gilt images, arranged in ten tiers, one above the other. But inspection shows that the head-dresses and trappings and implements of the idols are all covered

with small figures of the Kwannon, either embossed or engraved, and it is by reckoning these that the marvelous sum of 33,833 is reached.

### SELECT SIFTINGS.

The invention of petards is ascribed to the Huguenots in 1579.

A Paris barber advertised a liquid warranted to color the hair or anything else a pure white.

The first dye-house for scarlet in England was established at Bow, in 1643, by Kepler, a Fleming.

Paper is now to be used in the manufacture of bottles. Their weight is less than glass or stone ware, and they are less liable to break.

The first successful cultivation of corn by the English in North America was on the James River, in Virginia, in 1608.

The first profile taken was that of Antigonus, in 330 B. C., who, having but one eye, his likeness was so taken to conceal the deformity.

A new sort of horse race recently took place. The distance was a mile and a half. The horses walked the first half mile, trotted the second and ran the last. Fifteen started.

A resident of India has discovered a tree which is really a weeping cornus. For ten days in spring drops of water fall from the tree, which do not appear to interfere with its natural vigor.

The first savings bank established in the United States was the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, organized in 1816. The second was established at Boston in 1816, and the third at New York in 1819.

A little pamphlet advocating a new system of condensed printing states that it costs the London Times \$2,500 a year to use the superfluous "u" in the English spelling of such words as favour, colour, endeavour, etc., counting material, labor and space at advertising rates.

An Albany (N. Y.) jeweler says morning is the best time to wind a watch. The spring is tightened and it is not so apt to suffer from changes of position. If wound at night the spring becomes loosened and there is more liability to derangement.

At Toronto, Ohio, James Williamson captured a live crow in his corn field. On the way home with it hundreds of other crows came to the rescue and attacked him. He first tried to run away, and then to defend himself with a club, and was finally compelled to seek shelter in a shed, where the besieging crows kept him a prisoner for more than an hour.

### In New-Guinea.

The houses on this part of the coast, as also in the villages inland, are built upon piles varying from four to eight feet in height. A few steps up a rude ladder lead to a platform, on which some of the family generally recline. A baby, and often a young pig, in nets suspended from the eaves, are gently swinging to and fro. Fishing nets lie in a corner, with shells attached for weights. Nautilus shells, with grass streamers or hideous carved pieces of wood, hang before the bamboo door, which is low and narrow, and leads into the common room where all the family sleep. The common room is about twelve by eighteen feet, with a bare flooring of rough planks, generally the sides of old canoes. Through the chinks the garbage is thrown upon the plentiful remnants of cocoa husks below, for the pigs to eat or the sea to carry away. In the middle of the room is a fireplace, a pile of ashes on some boards, with a spark-protector of bamboo stick hung about three feet above. On the central pole is hung a tom-tom, while here and there on the grass walls are suspended gourds for lime, bamboo pipes, tomahawks, adzes, spare grass petticoats and net bags. There is no window, but a movable shutter can generally be opened on the sea side, and plenty of air enters through the walls and the holes in the floor. Then, as to clothing, the natives certainly affect sincere simplicity in the matter of dress. A band of grass, which serves as a pocket for tobacco, knives and decorations of cotton leaves, is for the most part worn upon the upper part of the arm. Some have head bands of red braid or small rounded pieces of shells, while a few wear necklaces of shells or teeth, and carved bones through the nose. Their hair, thick, matted and long, is drawn up by a comb of bamboo cane. The women wear petticoats of woven grass, sometimes stained with a red hue. The married and betrothed have short hair; the majority are tattooed with a V-shaped mark and other designs. Their figures are squat and not so erect as those of Hindoo women, as they generally carry weights on the back and not on the head. —*All the Year Round.*

### An Unparalleled Migration.

English sparrows were first imported into this country at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850. They did not thrive, and two years later another colony was imported. They multiplied and spread, until, in 1870, the sparrow was diffused pretty generally through the Eastern States, the race being increased by importations at several seaports in 1858 and following years. Since then these birds have multiplied marvelously and have extended widely, until they are the pest of all our country east of the Mississippi and of a wide area beyond that river. It "goes west" steadily, and leaping over intervening regions beyond the seventy-seventh degree of longitude, finds first a habitation in Utah, and then passing to the Pacific, is met with in and around San Francisco. Everywhere it is prolific, and rears its five or six broods a year with the most reckless disregard of consequences. The sparrow reached New Brunswick and Montreal by a tramp ride in box cars, and had no sooner arrived than he set up his household gods and began his fearful mission of propagation and diffusion. In 1850 the English sparrow in America occupied the area of a single tree or tree-bush. Now he disports himself over an area of 883,000 square miles in the United States, and of 150,000 in Canada. —*American Agriculturist.*

Beavers are found in considerable numbers on Rocky Creek and other small streams near Macon, Ga., and local trappers are making good sums by capturing them. An average skin brings \$2.50 in the Macon market.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### How to Roast Meat.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of the school of domestic economy at the Iowa Agricultural College, says:

In roasting meats of all kinds the method adopted should be the one that in the most perfect manner preserves the juices inside the meat. To roast beef in the best possible manner, place the clean-cut side of the meat upon a smoking hot pan, which must be over a quick fire. Press it close to the pan until seared and slightly browned. Reverse and let the opposite side become similarly seared and brown. Then put it at once in the oven, the heat of which should be firm and steady, but not too intense, and leave it undisturbed until cooked. The time that should be allowed for cooking beef in this manner is twenty minutes to the pound, if it is to be rare, less half an hour deducted from the aggregate time on account of searing. In other words, a five-pound roast of beef will require an hour and a quarter, a six-pound roast an hour and a half, and so on.

If the oven is not too hot the beef requires no basting and is better without it. When the oven is at the proper temperature and the cooking is going on all right, the meat will keep up a gentle sputtering in the pan. If, upon opening the oven door, this sputtering is not perceptible, more heat is required. But if in addition to the sputtering any smoke is discernible in the oven, the heat is too intense and should be lessened. Unless the heat of the oven is too great, the drippings in the pan will not burn and smoke, and when too meat is cooked there will be a thin coating of brown jelly in the pan where the meat rested, which by the addition of stock or water will make a delicious gravy.

A roast of beef should never be washed, and if it has accidentally been wet or moistened, it should be carefully wiped dry before it is seared or put to cook. Searing almost instantly coats the cut side of a piece of meat, and prevents the escape of juices in the after-process of roasting, while a firm, steady heat gently but thoroughly cooks it, and thus both juices and flavor are preserved. Basting is a troublesome as well as damaging process. And as salt and water have a tendency to toughen and extract the juices of meat, they should not be used on it while roasting, if it is desired to have the meat sweet, juicy and tender.

### Recipes.

**FROSTED APPLES.**—Pare, core and slice apples of a large, tart kind. Bake them till nearly done. Put them away to get entirely cold; then prepare some sugar icing, and, first pouring off all the juice, lay the icing thickly on the tops and sides, as much as you can. Return them to the oven to just harden and be set. Serve with cream.

**STEWED CHICKENS.**—Chickens prepared in the following manner are a pleasant change from the usual fricassee. Cut up two young chickens, cook them for half an hour in a saucepan with a little bacon cut in dice, adding thyme, two bay leaves, a small onion, parsley and a piece of butter. Mix the yolks of three eggs in half a cup of cream and pour the mixture over the chickens, taking the saucepan instantly off the fire. Arrange the pieces of chicken symmetrically on a dish and serve.

**COLD-DINNER BEEF.**—Take a piece of beef flank six or eight inches wide, as long as can be got. Sprinkle salt on it, if fresh; prepare stuffing as for fowls, and spread over it; roll up very tight and tie with strings to keep in place, as the heat will curl it. Then tie or sew it up in a cloth, and drop into rapidly boiling water. Cook several hours; the larger the piece the longer it will take. Try with a fork. When done lay between boards and put a weight on it, keeping the cloth still on. When cold it will slice beautifully. It is best cooked the day before it is wanted.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—One pound of flour, one pound of bread crumbs; three quarters of a pound of raisins; three quarters of a pound of currants and suet; three or four eggs; milk; two ounces of candied lemon peel; one teaspoonful of powdered allspice; half a teaspoonful of salt. Chop the suet very fine, stone the raisins, wash, pick and dry the currants, mix these with the other dry ingredients, and stir all well together; beat and strain the eggs into the pudding, stir these in, and add just enough milk to make it properly. Tie it up in a well floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil for at least five hours.

**RICE CROQUETTES.**—Boil one-half pound of rice in one quart of boiling water, with one even tablespoonful of salt, until it has become tender. Drain it and put it into half a pint of fresh milk. Flavor with four ounces of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, or two inches of stick cinnamon. Cook for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Take from the fire and gradually stir into the rice the beaten yolks of three eggs. Return to the fire for two minutes, when the eggs will be sufficiently set. Then spread the rice on a large flat buttered dish, letting it cover it to the depth of one inch, and so let the rice remain until cool enough to handle. Spread a clean board with powdered cracker dust, turn the rice upon it, and cut into strips about three inches long and one wide. Roll the croquettes into the shape of corks. Dip them first into cracker dust, then into egg, again into cracker dust, and then drop them for frying into boiling lard. When done, drain from grease on an inverted sieve, or by laying on brown paper. —*The Country Home.*

### Drinks for the Voice.

Tea coffee and cocoa are three admissible drinks, but none in excess. For the voice cocoa is the most beneficial. It should never be made too strong, and those cocoas are the best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa just warm is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has drawn too long, for tea then becomes acid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane of the throat.

There is always a dry sensation after having taken a cup of that has been allowed to draw too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea, and only take milk with it. —*American Druggist.*

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An English engineer proposes by means of electricity to condense the solid part of smoke and send the solidified portion back to the furnace.

A coast survey of Iceland is to be made by Denmark, at an expense of \$20,000. Not much is yet accurately known of the depths and channels of many of the great bays and inlets.

Experiments with bearings of compressed vegetable parchment, instead of brass, are being made on Prussian railways. It is claimed that the material is very durable, tough and smooth, and requires much less oil than metal. The bearings are in successful use in a German saw mill.

Professor Horsely alluded to the series of experiments on the influence of alcohol upon plant life carried out by Dr. Ridge, of Enfield, who found that one-sixteenth per cent. of a solution of alcohol checked the growth of watercress, and that a tenth solution of alcohol killed its seeds. The position of the medical profession with regard to alcohol as a food was becoming more and more defined.

Some curious results produced by exploding marked blocks of gun cotton on flat plates of wrought iron have been described by Mr. C. E. Monroe. The gun cotton blocks were placed with the lettered side down, and the letters stamped in relief appeared in relief on the iron after explosion, while, on the other hand, the letters depressed in the gun cotton were also depressed on the iron plate.

More than 200,000 bird skins are now contained in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, London. A recent acquisition is the collection of 27,000 specimens made by the late marquis of Tweeddale. This was presented by Captain W. Ramsay, the naturalist's nephew, who has included in his gift the Tweeddale library, embracing nearly 3,000 ornithological volumes, many of them very rare and valuable.

The value of the various condiments in the preparation of combination dishes is great. Used with discretion they stimulate the appetite and promote digestion, red pepper being specially valuable in this connection. The various herbs and spices are exceedingly valuable; salt is absolutely necessary to health, despite all contrary assertions of the food cranks, and the condiments employed in making salads promote the digestion and assimilation of all food eaten at the same time.

A paper that resists the action of both fire and water has it is said, been recently invented in Germany by a Herr Lude-wigg. The manufacture is accomplished by mixing twenty-five parts of asbestos fiber with from twenty-five to thirty parts of aluminum sulphate, and the mixture is moistened with chloride of zinc and thoroughly washed in water. It is then treated with a solution of one part of resin soap in eight to ten parts of a solution of pure aluminum sulphate, after which it is manufactured into paper like ordinary pulp.

The human race is not the only one that has the privilege of furnishing centenarians. There are several birds that have the pretension to easily reach the age that Mr. Chevreul has attained. Among the candidates for the prize of longevity, says the *Eleveur*, must be cited the eagle, the swan, and the raven, which live for over a century. The parrot, as well the heron is content to become a sexagenarian. The sparrowhawk lives to the age of forty, which is the age likewise reached by the duck and pelican. The pea fowl lives to be twenty-five, the pigeon twenty, the crane twenty-four, the linnet twenty-five, the goldfinch fifteen, the lark thirteen, the black-headed warbler fifteen, the blackbird twelve, the canary bird twenty-four, the pheasant fifteen, the thrush ten, the domestic cock ten, the red throat twelve and the wren three.

### Social Lines Among Thieves.

Among thieves there is as sharp a social line as there is drawn in the best society. A bank-breaker of the old time would no more have been seen talking with an ordinary sneak thief than he would have attempted to swallow his own "jimmy" or hydraulic pump. The class lines among criminals were more sharply drawn formerly than to-day, for now the bank-breaker has been driven out of business by the ingenuity of the safe-maker, while the lower grade thief has some opportunity of stealing a dollar and escaping, provided he does his work outside of the city of New York. Here his detection and conviction by Inspector Byrnes is almost a foregone conclusion.

In times past some of the higher order thieves were very successful, but very few of them have any money at this day. Many of the most successful old time American thieves are now in London and no one of them has any money except Adam Worth, who possesses an elegant house and all that one can wish, including a fine steam yacht.

Worth is probably the most successful American thief, and were it not for the old Boylston Bank robbery in Boston years ago, he would, perhaps, return to America. His house in London is the rendezvous for American criminals, whom he assists with money and advice and pockets his share of the proceeds of their Continental crimes, which amount to no insignificant figure. He has been connected with some of the cleverest robberies committed on the Continent for the past fifteen years. —*New York World.*

### Somnambulism.

The phenomena of somnambulism and their connection with the nerve-centers have not been satisfactorily accounted for. They probably depend primarily, says the *Lancet*, upon a directing impulse of sensory origin. Some of our actions often become by practice so nearly automatic that partial sleep or stupor does not arrest their unconscious performance. In somnambulism the intellect and controlling will are torpid, while the sensori-motor man whom they should govern is awake and active. As in dreams the intelligent sensorium is alone drowsily active, with possibly a noticeable tendency to restless movement, so there may be other states of dream in which the centers of motion are related to a more powerful but equally unconscious action. Partial consciousness, somnambulism may be found in the waking, and in the sleeping, and in the intermediate states.



# Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:  
Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.  
Published every Friday afternoon, by  
**CHARLES S. PARKER,**  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 4 CTS.  
Arlington, January 13, 1888.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents  
Special Notices, " 15 "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.

## The Legislative Committees.

The several standing and joint committees of the Legislature, as arranged by the President of the Senate and speaker of the House, were announced on Monday, and the representatives from this section all fared well at the hands of those having a distribution of the honors. Hon. J. Varnum Fletcher, of Belmont, serving his second term as Senator from the 2d Middlesex District, is chairman of the committee on banks and banking, and has other important posts assigned him, on other committees. Hon. Edward Glines, of the 1st District, is chairman of the committee on railroads and also on Federal relations, and has a place on that most important committee (in which he is associated with the President and Speaker) for "expediting business." Representative Samuel W. McCall, of Winchester, although a new member, has his abilities as an able lawyer recognized by assignment to the chairmanship of the committee on probate and insolvency, one of the most important committees, and he has places on other important committees, where he will be able to make his influence felt.

With the committees arranged and organized, the Legislature of 1888 is now in working order and the transaction of business has commenced. The annual cry for a short session may be expected to follow immediately upon the heels of this business and we presume the members would be only too glad to heed it, but they realize what any one who would stop to think much know, that it is the business forced upon their attention by the people having pet schemes or theories to advance that forces them to spend months of discussion and investigation over the business of the State, and that these items of business come in on petitions carelessly or thoughtlessly signed by many of those who complain that legislators are wasting valuable time. In discussing the work of the presiding officers the Boston Post says:—

"The Democrats have, on the whole, fared better than last year. They have one Senator on the railroad committee, as against none last year, when they were numerically stronger. They have also two Senators on the committee on the judiciary. The chairman of some important committees, like that of insurance, are also Democrats. Speaker Noyes also appears to have been generous to his political opponents. As a forecast of legislation, some of the committees appear to carry their own endorsement. It looks as if the man (or woman) who expected much stiff temperate legislation this winter was predestined to disappointment. Nor will it take the friends of the present State House long to decide upon a vigorous campaign to save the present beautiful crown of Beacon Hill. The woman suffragists ought to be pleased equally with the friends of the laboring man. From what is known of the members, the committee on towns is supposed to squint in favor of Beverly Farms."

The Boston Journal says that Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is peculiarly well qualified to act as arbitrator between the Reading Railroad Company and its employees, and the delinquent of the corporation to permit him to serve in that capacity is unfortunate. Public interests demands a speedy settlement of the costly strike, and neither party to the controversy can afford to take any step which would seem calculated to prolong it.

The other day somebody spoke to Gen. W. T. Sherman concerning his own possible candidacy for President, but the old hero declared he would not have it on any terms. He went on:

"I will be as public-spirited about it as Arriens Ward was about the war. You know he said this bloody war should be prosecuted if it took the last one of his wife's relations. If the Republicans want a candidate, there is my brother, John Sherman. If the Democrats want a candidate, there is my brother-in-law, Tom Ewing."

We are in receipt of the first number of a new paper started in our neighboring town of Winchester. It is of uniform size of our own, has an excellent showing of local advertising, is new and well printed and seems in every way a worthy candidate for popular favor. Mr. George A. Roberts is the editor and proprietor and we wish him the largest measure of success in his new enterprise.

## They Deserve their Medals.

The rebel works at Port Hudson, La., were seven miles in extent. They were charged by the Union forces twice, unsuccessfully, on the 27th of May and 14th of June, 1863, respectively. Determined to gain possession of this strongly fortified place, General Banks called for a thousand volunteers the day after the second assault to constitute a Fort Hope Storming Column and to lead the way in a final charge by the army on the earthworks. The promise was made by General Banks that a medal should be given to each volunteer and the name of each man should be placed in General Orders on a special roll of honor; further that each man should receive promotion for his services. Volunteers to the number of 850 enlisted for the assault. Six regiments from Maine, 2 from New Hampshire, 1 from Vermont, 8 from Massachusetts, 3 from Connecticut, 18 from New York, 1 from Michigan, 1 from Wisconsin, 2 from Louisiana and 1 from the Regular Army were represented in that battalion. Fortunately for the column, the fall of Vicksburg made the assault unnecessary. Port Hudson surrendered immediately upon hearing of the capitulation; but the hardy spirits who volunteered for the desperate work General Banks had in view, the majority of whom would never have seen the sun set that day had the charge been made, have always felt that the promised medals should be given to them. And, indeed, they should be given. Promises like this should always be scrupulously kept. No man who joined that column would have flinched from the work in hand. Every man performed an act of knightly valor simply in joining the column. Let the Government of the United States redeem its promise to its faithful soldiers—N. Y. Tribune.

An effort was made at the 49th Congress to obtain these medals, but it was unsuccessful. Another call is to be made at the present Congress in the same direction, and Congressman Henry Cabot Lodge, of the 6th Mass. Dist., will introduce the bill at an early date. It is earnestly hoped all Senators and Congressmen will co-operate with him in his efforts to obtain simple justice for these volunteers who came forward to risk their lives in this hazardous service.

## Gale's Calendar.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a very handsome calendar for 1888 from Mr. Geo. W. Gale, the well-known lumber dealer of Cambridgeport. Valuable as a souvenir, it shows a steel engraved portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, and is an artistic production from the house of John A. Lowell & Co. It is in every way a credit to the usual good taste of Mr. Gale, who possessed the original photograph and had it engraved expressly for him. The name of Gale has been associated with the lumber business in Cambridgeport for nearly half a century. The present Mr. Gale has kept pace with the ever onward march of improvement and shows a keen appreciation of the wants of the lumber using public. During the occupancy of his present location, No. 336 Main St., he has added shed after shed for the dry storage of his stock, until now he has nearly his entire plant under cover. In regard to quality he offers all varieties, but makes a specialty of keeping the best grades, and is always ready to meet the market on prices.

On Monday, Jan. 16, Richard Mansfield commences a two weeks' engagement at the Globe Theatre, appearing in Mr. T. R. Sullivan's dramatization of the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. During Mr. Mansfield's engagement the Wednesday matinees will be omitted. Many actors have played dual roles, but Mr. Mansfield is the first who has accomplished a visible change of identity—that is to say, who has merged one man into an entirely different person before his audience. The first of these transformations is in the great scene between Hyde and Dr. Lanyon, where the hideous creature (who grows more and more repulsive as the play progresses), in the midst of the snarling, wolfish speech, suddenly—yes, as suddenly as a lightning's flash, passes his claw-like hands over his hideous white face and—quiet, sad-faced Jekyll appears. The suddenness, swiftness and completeness of the change is without a parallel, and cannot be described—it must be seen. The second transformation is even more striking, if less satisfactory, in which the beastly form is again assumed and the play has a tragic ending. Favorably known in other striking characters, Mr. Mansfield is sure of a warm welcome by a large audience at the Globe, next Monday evening.

The case of James E. Nowlin, of Somerville, now under sentence of death for the murder of young Codman, a year ago, was considered by the Governor and Council on Wednesday, when an appeal for commutation of his sentence was heard. The Council voted, seven to two, not to recommend a stay, and the full penalty of the law will therefore be carried into effect one week from to-day. There are really no mitigating circumstances connected with the case.

The Massachusetts Club will have a notable dinner at the Revere House on the 21st inst., the object being to give an impetus to the formation of Republican clubs in all the towns of the state. The President of the National organization will be present and Col. Fred D. Grant is to be one of the prominent special guests.

The Iowa State Register remembers that Gen. Grant once prophesied that "Whenever the Democratic party comes near to a complete control of the country, it will break its back across the Alleghany mountains on the tariff question." It is evident that Gen. Grant understood the Democratic party and was a foreteller.

## Arlington's Bank Block on Fire.

Last Saturday morning the handsome brick building on the corner of Arlington avenue and Pleasant street had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. "The old corner store," as the store on the corner is commonly advertised, is occupied by Mr. L. C. Tyler as a boot, shoe and clothing establishment, and when he came to the store on the morning of the date above mentioned, he found it so full of smoke that it could not be entered. A general alarm was at once sounded which speedily summoned the entire department, and in a few minutes streams of water were being poured into the two stores occupied by Messrs. I. E. Robinson and L. C. Tyler, in which thin forks of flames were seen working their way along the wooden partition dividing the two stores. Some time afterwards the real seat of the fire was discovered to be in the basement, which from long closing had become almost hermetically sealed up, and when the streams were directed there through the middle door on Pleasant street, which had been burst open, the flames were quickly extinguished. An investigation made after the fire was out showed that the fire started in the narrow passage way in the basement, and had burned up through the floor above and ignited the partition between the two stores, but how it was kindled will remain a mystery. As the basement was used as a store-room by Mr. Tyler, and it was frequently visited, there was many ways in which a spark might have been accidentally dropped, to smolder until fanned into a flame. It is peculiarly fortunate for all concerned that the flames were so late in making headway. Mr. Tyler carried a very extensive stock of boots and shoes, and a general line of clothing that was quite extensive. Over this stream of water were poured, wetting nearly everything, and the smoke was extremely dense. On this stock he had an insurance of \$3,500 and the loss was not easy to adjust. Mr. Robinson also had an unusually large stock, embracing gents' furnishing goods, clothing, hats, toys, and fancy goods, and his loss was also large by reason of the damage by water and smoke. His insurance was placed by Mr. O'Neill, and was adjusted early this week. Mr. Frank Y. Wellington, who has the contract for putting a new patent roofing on the building, was considerably interested in the matter, as a large portion of the material to be used was stored in the basement, but it only received a wetting, which caused no serious damage. The building was saturated with smoke, but a good airing cured this, so that probably the \$384 awarded by the insurance company will cover the loss to the building. Mr. Tyler, of course, was the most extensive sufferer, not only by destruction of goods but also by the interruption to business, and the money he will receive from the insurance companies will by no means make good his loss. After the fire several of Mr. Tyler's business neighbors assisted him in removing large quantities of clothing to Town Hall, where the garments were hung up to dry on lines temporarily suspended in the old library room. He expects to have the store ready for business again in a few days, when he will offer great bargains in slightly damaged goods, to make room for his fresh supplies already ordered.

Gen. McCook, Secretary of the Senate, has prepared an elaborate list of United States Senators, which shows that Edmunds, of Vermont, is the oldest Senator in continuous service, having first come to the Senate on April 5, 1866. His colleague, the venerable J. S. Morrill, comes next in length of service, having begun his first time on March 4, 1867. Think of a "junior Senator from Vermont," who has served over 20 years in the Senate, after having served 17 years in the House of Representatives, and who will be 78 years old next April. The senior Senator, Mr. Edmunds, never served in the House. The third Senator in length of service is Eli Saulsbury, of Delaware, who came in March 4, 1871, and the fourth is Nat W. Ransom, of North Carolina, whose service began Apr. 24, 1872. Of the 78 members of the Senate, only 19 were in the Senate ten years ago. Only the four mentioned go further back in Senatorial service than the beginning of Grant's second term, and of the others who were sworn in on that day—March 4, 1873—only three remain in the Senate now—Allison, Ingalls, and Jones, of Nevada.

An overflowing auditorium was to be noted at the Globe Theatre Monday evening, when Clara Morris gave her first presentation in Boston of her role of Renee de Moray in D'Ennery's emotional drama of that title. This character is one well adapted to Miss Morris's peculiar powers in its setting forth of the woes of a wife torn from the affection of husband and child by wrongful accusation. Unlike the generality of characters in this line, the enactment of Renee de Moray does not call for an enlistment of the sympathies on behalf of a woman who has brought suffering on her head by her own wrong-doing, except in so far as the acceptance of an infamous repulse to shield her mother can be accounted such. In this action, which is the pivotal one of the drama, Renee gives an example of womanly magnanimity rarely to be rivalled in fiction; and, indeed, it must be allowed that its strength as a dramatic motive is somewhat modified by its improbability. Miss Morris as the devoted though stricken wife and mother presents a picture of human

pathos of the deepest shadings, and her power of drawing upon the feelings of the spectator by intensity of natural emotion is exemplified in a most marked degree. In the third act where she won by force of tearful pleadings the ireful husband and father, her acting lent so much of nature with histrionic fervor that she won the tribute of tears from no inconsiderable portion of her audience, and from first to last she was received with unmistakable warmth of appreciation. Mr. B. R. Graham made a manly and effective Count de Moray, and the cast, as a whole, was of even merit.

Among the patents issued the past week was one to Mr. Cornelius A. Wellington, of Lexington, for cover for fire-place ash chutes.

## Marriages.

At Arlington Heights, Jan. 10, by Rev. Charles H. Watson, Daniel Wyman and Miss Cora Ina Peabody, both of Arlington.

## Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 7, David Crosby, 92 years, 17 days.  
In Lexington, Jan. 7, Mrs. Rhoda F. Wadsworth, aged 78 years, 5 months, 11 days.  
In Lexington, Jan. 2, Mary J. Forsyth, wife of Thomas Forsyth, aged 22 years, 1 month, 8 days.  
DIED in Lexington, 11th inst., Mrs. Martha B. Hudson, widow of Charles Hudson, in the eightieth year of her age.

Martha Brigham Rider was born in Shrewsbury, Mass., 1808, and married Rev. Charles Hudson—then pastor of the Universalist church of Westminister, Mass.—May 14, 1830. In 1849 her husband removed to Lexington, where the family has remained until the present time, now nearly forty years. One son, Col. John W. Hudson, of the 35th Mass. Volunteers, an efficient and valiant soldier in the war, died in 1872. A daughter, the wife of Mr. Henry M. Smith, of Worcester, died in 1875. Another son, Charles H., now manager of a system of railroads in the South, resides in Knoxville, Tenn.; while a daughter, Mary K., has remained with her mother at the old homestead to care for her in her declining years. Mrs. Hudson has been in comparatively feeble health for the last twenty years, but originally she had a strong and vigorous constitution, and while her husband was engaged in political life and absent from home for many years, she cared for the family and managed the household. Since the death of her husband in 1849, she has been gradually declining, and a brief sickness terminated on Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, in a peaceful death. Those who have only known her in these latter years can hardly realize what a strong, active and efficient person she was in her earlier years, when she bore a great burden of responsibility in her home and was among the earnest workers in the church. A most devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and faithful friend, respected and loved by all who knew her, always cheerful and ready with a kind word, she leaves a precious memory in the place that has known her so long, but shall know her no more. Calmly and peacefully her life faded away, cheered by tender affection and surrounded by those who loved her, and she yielded up her spirit to Him to give it, and passed on to join the great company of dear ones in the immortal world.

## Special Notices.

### Card of Thanks.

The subscriber, as a mark of his appreciation of the efforts of citizens, engineers and firemen to assist him in preserving his property, threatened with destruction by fire on the morning of the 7th inst., would in this public manner thank any and all who came to his assistance. He is also grateful for the words of sympathy spoken since the fire. All these acts are appreciated and will be kindly remembered.  
L. C. TYLER.

Arlington, Jan. 11th, 1888.

## DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT!

—AT THE—  
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH VESTRY,  
FRIDAY EVENING, January 20,  
At which will be presented J. T. Trowbridge's most laughable and entertaining drama

## "Coupon Bonds."

Admission, 25 cents.  
Children under 12 years, 15c.  
Doors open at 7.30 o'clock.  
Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.  
No reserved seats.

## Grand Concert!

Under auspices of  
MUSIC COMMITTEE, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,  
TOWN HALL, ARLINGTON,  
Tuesday Eve., Jan. 24,  
Prof. S. B. Whitney, Director.  
Mignon Ladies' Quartet.  
MISS OLIVE MEAD, Violinist.  
MISS IDA MEAD, Celloist.  
MR. FRED BOND, Baritone.  
Reserved Seats, 50 cts.  
Tickets at Bastine & Gates'.

## HORSE FOR SALE.

A Good Reliable Farm Horse, weight about 1250 pounds. Also a Two-horse Manure Wagon. Apply to  
A. R. PITTS,  
Near Lake St. station, Arlington.

## F. H. NOURSE,

Insurance, Real Estate, & Collector's Agent, City or Country.  
Home, Central Street, Winchester.  
Office, Room 50 Mason's Building, Kilby St., Boston.  
AGENT FOR ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,  
(Cash Capital, \$4,000,000.00.)  
of Hartford, Ct. 6m18Jan

## Market Man Wanted.

Address this office, stating experience, references, and wages wanted.

## WANTED.

MAN capable of Foreman at Market Garden. Address stating references, experience, and wages wanted, to this office.

## Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank

After January 1st, 1888, the bank will be open for business Tuesdays and Fridays, from 8 to 9, p. m.; on Wednesdays, from 3 to 5, p. m.; on Saturdays, from 3 to 5, p. m.  
Deposits draw interest from the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer.

## RICHLY

Have you ever read this and then not; they will find the most profitable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, old or young; capital not needed; we start you. Every thing new, no special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write at once for full particulars, which we will mail free. Address: Schuch & Co., Portland, Maine.

# GEO. W. GALE.

We have a full assortment of  
**CYPRESS LUMBER.**

336 Main St., Cambridgeport.

Money to Loan at Low Rates on Real Estate Mortgages.

Real Estate Purchased Sold & Leased  
**J. CANNETT LITTLEFIELD,**  
Railroad and Water Bonds  
Equitable Building, Cor. Milk and Devonshire Sts., Boston.

# Arlington INSURANCE Agency.

**GEO. Y. WELLINGTON, Agent.**

Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Concord.  
Traders and Mechanics Insurance Co., Lowell.  
Citizens' Mutual Insurance Co., Boston.  
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.  
Washington F. & M. Ins. Co., Boston, Mass.  
Rochester German Ins. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Worcester  
Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Salem  
American Insurance Co., Newark, N. J.  
Phoenix Assurance Co., London  
North American Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.  
Spring Garden Insurance Co., Phila., Penn.

OFFICE:  
Savings Bank Building, Arlington. Wednesdays, 7 to 8. Saturdays, 7 to 9 p. m.

BOSTON OFFICE:  
No. 19 Exchange Place.

\*Return premium 70% on 5 year policies.  
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance placed in all responsible Companies having business in this State.

## WARD & CO'S DEPOT MARKET,

165 FRIEND ST., BOSTON.

Price List.	
<b>BEEF.</b>	<b>SAUSAGES.</b>
Sirloin Roast 18	The "Dover" no better
Face or Back Rump 15	made, large or small 12
Chl. Butts & Ribs 10	<b>SMOKED.</b>
Rib Roast 1st cut 15	15 Sliced Ham, 18
" 2nd cut 12	20 Pressed Ham, 15
" 3rd cut 10	10 Boston Bologna 8 and 10
<b>STEAK.</b>	10 Boston Bacon 12 15
Rump 20 and 25	20 Whole Hams 12
Sirloin 18	20 Smoked Shoulders 10
Round 12 15	<b>TRIPE.</b>
10lb Chicago Rump 15	Fresh 10, 3 lbs 25
<b>CORNED BEEF.</b>	Pickled 8, 4 lbs 25
Fancy Brisket 15	Pigs' Feet 10, 3 lbs 25
Lean ends 7 and 9	10 Liver, Fresh daily 10
Sticking piece & Flank 5	<b>LAMB.</b>
Corned Tongue 12	10 Hind Quarter 12
<b>PORK.</b>	12 Fore Quarter 6 and 8
Corned Shoulder 15	Legs Lamb 14
Pork Steak 12	8 Chops (trimmed) 15
Roast Pork 10	10 Kentucky mutton legs 15
Salt Pork 10	10 Rollo mutton chops 16
	10 Fore Quarter Mutton 6

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO BOARDING HOUSES & DINING ROOMS  
We give a new Price List each month.

We receive every week CHOICE Vermont and New Hampshire BUTTER, in prints and 5 pound boxes. NO butterine or oleo. Also Fresh EGGS. Poultry always on hand at Boston prices.

Orders left in the morning will be ready for afternoon trains. Satisfaction guaranteed. One price to all. Open from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. precisely. Saturday evening 9.30.

FOULDS' TO BE HAPPY

one must be healthy, and to be healthy, eat FOULDS' WHEAT GERM MEAL, that wonderful breakfast cereal made from the germ and gluten of the wheat berry. Thousands and thousands to-day have dropped out of meal and use wheat germ entirely. Once you use it, you will always have it in your house. The boys and girls will grow stronger and study better on this food. Don't fail to try it. All grocers sell it. 2-lb. package 15 cents. BUTLER, BREED & CO., Ag'ts, Boston, Mass.

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## When in Boston

Get a Good Dinner at the

## Oak Grove Farm Cafe

Which made such a reputation at the Mechanic's Fair. No. 413 WASHINGTON ST., opposite Summer. Send for a Bill of Fare.

## C. M. HALL,

PLEASANT ST. Arlington,

DEALER IN

## CHOICE FAMILY

## Groceries

Flour, Butter, Cheese,

Fancy Groceries of all Varieties,

CANNED GOODS, ETC.

Special attention is called to the

## WHITE ELEPHANT FLOUR,

The Best in the Market,

and as it is received direct from the Mill we are enabled to sell it at the

Lowest Boston Prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

O. J. DERBY,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, GLASSES,

Arlington Ave., opp. Bedford St.

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Eye Glasses and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

AGENT FOR COAL AND WOOD.

## SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

A capable girl to do general house work is wanted. Must be able to cook, wash and iron, etc. Apply to

BOX 200, ARLINGTON, F. O.

## Litchfield.

Photo. Portrait Studio,

Arlington Avenue, opposite Broadway,

ARLINGTON Mass.

STUDIO and Reception Room on

GROUND FLOOR,

which makes it easy of access for elderly people and children.

THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS USED.

Light cloudy days are just as good as sunny, and sometimes better.

The front door opens from the street—there are no stairs to climb.

EDW. C. LITCHFIELD.

Arlington, April 23, 1886.

## NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day sold Herbert W. Johnson, my express route, teams and good will, with the privilege of repairing the same under the name of Needham's express.

A. NEEDHAM, Arlington, Mass.

Dec. 8, 1887.

## Arlington Bakery,

N. J. HARDY, Proprietor.

Ho Rolls, Biscuit, and Fresh

Bread daily.

NOT BROWN BREAD AND BAKED BEANS ON SUNDAY.

Teams go through the streets each day to leave bread and take orders.

Plain and Fancy Cake.

ICE CREAM to order, in large or small quantities.

Catering in best manner for small or large parties. Special attention to filling wedding orders.

A. S. MITCHELL,

## Auctioneer.

East Lexington.

BOSTON Office: 113 Devonshire St., Room 51.

may

TO LET, IN ARLINGTON—A nice

house of 10 rooms on estate of the late Geo. H. Gray; all modern conveniences; high ground, situated near depot, schools, churches, etc. For terms, apply to JOHN GRAY, Arlington; or 146 High street, Boston.

ABEL LAWRENCE,

HARNESS MAKER,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Next door to Chas. Gott, and opposite Arlington House. Trunks and valises repaired. New work of every description in the best possible manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

## Vocal Culture.

Miss Edith Hammond Ring

Will take a limited number of pupils in Vocal Culture. For terms, etc., address, care Box 94, Arlington Heights, Mass.

J. Henry Hartwell,

ARLINGTON, MASS.,

Funeral Director

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies. Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and BORDERS.

Carrriages, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished where desired. Warerooms and office

BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE, 6864.

Residence on Myrtle street. Step—if

H. E. SHEPARD,

## Piano Tuner.

Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired.

Give me three days notice.

P. O. Box 970, Arlington, Mass.



## EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

It is about time to have proof of the truth of the old axiom, "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen." The sudden departure of all our snow storms makes "countless thousands mourn," but there is time yet for us to enjoy sleigh-riding, and our streets and hotels to resound with the merry music of sleighing parties.

The Relief Corps connected with the G. A. R. Post had a pleasant gathering Tuesday afternoon and evening, and also the installation of officers. Quite a number from our village are members, and the chaplain and treasurer reside here. Too much interest cannot be manifested in caring for the soldiers of our late war who risked life and health for their country, and it seems fitting that the ladies who aided so much at the time of the struggle should lend a helping hand now.

Another stormy Sabbath. Still there was a goodly band of brave worshippers at the Follen church, and Rev. Mr. Thompson preached from these words: "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him, and I will raise him up at the last day." John VI: 44.

Sunday evening several from our church were present at the Union Temperance meeting, and Rev. Mr. Thompson was one of the speakers. It is many years since there has been any public interest in temperance in Lexington, and there seems to be now an old time revival in this direction.

Look out for the "Dramatic" sometime.

Remember the Band of Mercy meets tomorrow afternoon.

The Reading Circle held its weekly meeting Tuesday evening. The members are still interested in "Marmion." Short essays were read on Pitt, Nelson, Fox and Napoleon. Sometimes the question-box furnishes much fun and instruction.

A little boy expressed great dissatisfaction with the new year because it was so full of eights and he could not make them. It is not particularly agreeable to some of the elders, if we may judge by the peculiar way we have seen it written.

It would be wise for all our parents and children to read Dr. Bartol's sermon on the "Irreverence of our Youth." From his own personal experience it is no wonder that he asked, "Why are missionaries sent to savage isles while there is an unsubjected piece of barbarism blotting our civilization on every page?"

It is quite amusing to read the articles on the various towns in the Record, and see from what a different stand-point they are written. Some lay great stress on the past, while others quietly hide past glories under a bushel and dwell on the charms of the present, or draw the veil of the future.

The Roundabout Club had a jovial gathering at Mr. George Worthen's, last Friday evening, and this week, on Thursday evening, at Mr. Cheney's.

Some of our people are particularly interested in the concert of the Male Chorus Club this evening, and doubtless our village will be well represented, as it promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

The cantata, King Rene's Daughter, and the grand concert, which will be given at the Town hall, next Monday evening, will be a rare treat for lovers of music.

In a recent number of the "Fireman's Standard" is an excellent article read before the Society of Arts, by Mr. H. W. Shean. He says, "Fire requires air—therefore on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude air. Shut all doors and windows, and thus for a time at least, fire can be confined to a single room. The great point is presence of mind, calmness in danger, and action guided by reason and thought. In a room a simple table-cloth can be so used as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out, or a coat or anything similar. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a wet blanket wrapped round the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety."

Miss Hall, who is now teaching at Watertown, has been visiting friends in our village.

The tobogganists begin to look a little sober, for the snow comes so sparingly, and their constant cry has been "more, more," but it is wise to remember that the law of compensation is eternal and inflexible, and what is taken away here is added there, for with the deprivation of those delights which follow an old fashioned snow storm, we haven't felt the rigors of winter as our Western and Northern friends.

Mr. Spaulding still keeps open doors for the delinquent tax payers.

Woman Suffragists can take fresh courage for Gov. Ames recommends its justice.

A church tea party will be held in Village hall, Wednesday evening, January 18th. Supper will be served on the European plan from 6 to 9 and at intermission. Admission 25 cents. Dancing tickets 50 cents extra. Barnes will furnish music.

Salvation Oil, the celebrated American remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, chilblains, etc., can be had of all druggists. It kills pain. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

The coming season we shall make a specialty of Fine Ball and Social Party Printing.

(Correspondence.)

## A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 10, '88.

The man who fondly dreamed that Mrs. Lucy Sweet Barber, of Alfred Centre, would meekly and tearfully walk to jail, and spend a day and a night as punishment for daring to vote, are much disappointed, not to say disturbed at the attitude she has taken. Mrs. Barber insists that the constitution of the United States does not debar women from voting, and that the Supreme Court must decide upon the question of the legality. The other wide-awake women of that part of the State are in thorough sympathy with the pioneer voter, and intend to find out for themselves and all the rest of their sex, whether or not they have the right to the franchise. As Artemus Ward used to say, "There is some of the female sect who don't scare for a cent."

A young woman from Columbus, Ohio, asks my advice about getting some letters back from a man to whom she was once engaged, and she says: "Why I ever wrote such silly stuff I cannot imagine. Every time I think of it the blood rushes to my face in a perfect torrent. Of course I thought myself madly in love. This was the same as one day, and the next day, because of something very ungentlemanly that he did, I dispised him just as much as I had loved him. Then we had an understanding, and I bundled up and sent back all his letters, asking for mine in return. That was three months ago, and he has not sent them yet. What would you do?"

Well, that man is a scamp, and I think if I had a masculine relative with a well developed muscle, I should entrust him with the business, and if I hadn't, I should find somebody connected with the law who would very quietly persuade the rascal to stand and deliver. I should think girls who read the newspapers, as every intelligent girl does, of course, would be everlastingly deterred from writing anything under any circumstances that they would not be willing the whole world should see. The case of Mr. Arbuckle and Mrs. Campbell, who are now the laughing stocks of the community, is a case in point. She called him "Baby Bunting" on paper, and he called her "Bunny," and "K. M. Q.," which the plaintiff was obliged to translate in court and which meant kiss me quick. Girls, be warned. You can say what your feelings dictate, but never say it on paper.

Another letter—anonymous for a reason which I respect—asks me to say something about the practice which so widely obtains, of young girls receiving attention from married men. This writer is very much in earnest, and it is plain that she is smarting keenly under this sort of domestic defection. But she blames the girls too much, and the married men not enough. One girl boasts, she says, that a married man told her that what his wife didn't know couldn't trouble her, etc., etc. It does seem sometimes as if the And-over creed must be true, and some folks are elected to an eternal sojourn in an chronically warm climate. The married man who breaks his wife's heart by his flirtations and his vices, the married woman who neglects husband and children for the society of other men, really seem to deserve more punishment than they usually get. And as for the foolish girls who are fascinated by these men of wide experience—these Benedictine fops and flirts—it would be well if every town and village could have its spanking committee, and such busses could be judiciously flagellated and put to bed. But what's the use of talking? Education is our only help. The old doctrine that a slip in a man is a feather in the cap of a man, must be wholly stamped out. But the married woman who believes that her husband is "led away" is a fool.

To those of my friends who have lately deplored their ignorance of chemistry in its relation to cookery, I would suggest the careful reading of Prof. Atwater's articles now running through the Century magazine. For housekeepers who really want the most useful possible information, in its simplest possible form, these papers are invaluable. Prof. Atwater has prepared a series of surprises for even the fairly well informed among his readers. The theory that the most expensive meats are the most nutritious, has no foundation in fact, it seems, and many equally fallacious ideas are scientifically exploded. To know what food contains the element most adapted to health, is to possess the most valuable information, and to discover that by intelligent buying we can live on a third less than we suppose, and better than we ever have, is, though rather hard on the past, an incalculable blessing for the present and the future.

A scribe in one of our dailies, treats with some disdain the statements of Helen Campbell in regard to the danger of buying what are called "bargain clothes" for children. "Competition renders close prices absolutely necessary," he says, "and small pox and the itch do not abide in the houses of all our seamstresses. There is no doubt that

such theories are greatly exaggerated." And I say that they are not, and that half of the misery of those starvation workers has never, and can never be adequately told. I have visited them in their homes, and know all about it. At most of these places, filth and sickness abound. There is no time for cleanliness, no money for proper food or clean clothes. How is it possible then, for the work to escape contamination? ELEANOR KIRK.

Stop that cough, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific for all throat and lung diseases. It will allay inflammation, and strengthen the vocal organs. Ayer's Almanacs are free to all. Ask for one.

Yards at Arlington, Arlington Heights and Lexington.

Warren A. Peirce,

DEALER IN

COALS,

Wood, Hay, Straw, Grain,

Lime, Cement, Plaster,

HAIR, FERTILIZERS, ETC.

Orders by Mail or Telephone will receive prompt attention.

Best Quality of Coal Furnished at lowest prices.

Box 175, Arlington. Telephone, Arlington, 6814.

ELMER A. WINSHIP,

Upholsterer & Furniture Repairer.

Will answer all calls for work at houses, and am sure of giving satisfaction. Samples of goods furnished. Cane chairs, 65 cents; patent seat, 50 cents.

P. O. BOX 395, ARLINGTON.

Jan 10

David Clark,

ILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.



Hacks, Barges, and Teams,

Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

Telephone No. 6811.



CALVIN ANDREWS,

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,

Bucknam Court, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

D. F. TRIPP.

Concrete Paving

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GRAVEL ROOFING.

Residence, Corner of Irving and Garnet Sts.,

Masely WATERTOWN MASS.

JAMES BASTON,

Carpenter and Builder,

BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for buildings as desired. Personal attention to all orders.

W. H. H. TUTTLE,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-law

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POST OFFICE, - ARLINGTON.

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Of every description.

PLANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED

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CHARLES GOTT,

Carriage

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BLACKSMITH,

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Particular attention paid to

HORSESHOEING.

Hoe, already finished and in course of building,

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## PEACE.

Winds and wild waves in headlong huge commotion  
Soud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast;  
While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean,  
Lie peace and rest.

Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping,  
Hurry and hiss, like furies hate-possessed;  
While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping  
In peace and rest.

Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world raging  
Wiltst thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest,  
When all so near above, below unchanging,  
Are heaven and rest!

—C. W. Willis.

## THE DONATION PARTY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Are you all right, Matilda?" said Mr. Perkins, casting a final, comprehensive glance around him, as he put one foot on the wagon-step and gathered up the reins into his left hand.

"Yes, I believe so," answered his wife.

"Is the big loaf of election cake in?"

"Yes."

"And the stone jug of maple molasses?"

"It's right here."

"And the ten yards of rag-carpet, and the pair of brackets, and the cherry vase, packed in tissue-paper shavings?"

"Yes, I believe we haven't forgotten nothing," assented Mrs. Perkins, craning her neck this way and that, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Wal, then, that settles matters," said the farmer, briskly adjusting himself in his seat. "Attention, company! Forward—march!"

But as the clumsy old farm-wagon lumbered slowly on through da'sed fields and meadows crimsoned with nodding grasses, he looked up in a quaint, one-sided manner at his wife's clouded face.

"What on airth's the matter, Matilda?" said he. "I s'posed you was dead set on goin' to this 'ere 'Donation Party,' this arternoon."

"I did set consid'able store by it," said Mrs. Perkins, pumping a heavy sigh out of some unseen depths in her internal economy; "but somehow I feel sort of uneasy about leavin' Chatty in charge of things at home."

Asahel Perkins whistled.

"Ain't she a woman growed up?" said he.

"I s'pose so."

"Get out!" said the old sinner.

"One would suppose she was a baby."

"But she ain't used to bein' left alone."

"It's a good time to sort o' begin, then, ain't it?" chuckled the old man.

"I'm afraid she'll let the dried peach-sauce burn."

"No great harm ef she does."

"And there's the calf to be fed, and the Shanghai chickens to be looked arter, and the short-cake to be baked and—"

"Well, I calculate Chatty's equal to the occasion," nodded Mr. Perkins.

"Anyhow, we shan't never know, ef we don't take some way of findin' out. Come, mother, don't fret. I do b'lieve, ef you was on the road to heaven, you'd want to turn back to see ef the clothes-pine was all a-layin' with their heads the right-way, and the chickens had gone to roost all square an' even on the proper perch."

"Asahel, you hadn't oughter speak light o' sacred things," reproachfully murmured Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, mother, I won't," acquiesced Mr. Perkins, "ef you'll leave off thinkin' you know more than Providence does, ah!"

So the old couple kept on toward the Catfield Parsonage, where there was, on that particular day, one of those great local upheavals commonly known as a "Donation Party," and where four bushels of doughnuts, thirteen bed-quilts, nine macramé ties, and nineteen bouquets of impossible paper roses, had already arrived in bewildering succession.

"I do hope," sighed the Rev. Eli Parsons, "that Providence'll put it into the head of some one to send me a fall o' overcoat, for mine's clear in rags. Squire Pepper, now—he's fairly well off in this world's goods—it's just like him to think of such a thing!"

While Mrs. Parsons, a withered little old woman, with clusters of false curls on each side of her face, and an immortal butterfly always hovering over the black lace borders of her cap, secretly hoped that Mrs. Goldwood, who had more money than she knew what to do with, might be spiritually moved to present her with a much needed black silk gown.

"I know it ain't consistent to think too much of earthly adornments," sighed poor little Mrs. Parsons; "but I never had a silk gown, and it does seem as if it would be comforting to own one before I died."

But our hopes are frequently doomed to be blighted.

Squire Pepper brought a damaged photograph album, from the "unsalable" shelf in his store, and Mrs. Goldwood smilingly presented to her pastor's wife a hideous basket of wax fruit, which had stood on her own back parlor table until she was tired of the sight of it.

Mrs. Parsons could have burst out crying.

The stuffy little parlor filled fast with the parishioners. The kitchen was well packed with solid matrons and brisk maidens, arranging the salt shoulders of bacon, the juicy hams, the cold roast fowls, and loaves of home-made cake; the pounds of coffee, in brown paper packets, the packages of white beans, and the glasses of currant jelly, which were one by one brought in.

The parlor tables groaned under book-markers, embroidered tidies, home-knit hosiery, volumes of poems, and such eminently useful contributions.

Mrs. Parsons bustled to and fro, wondering how on earth, even with all the china and glass she had borrowed, she should manage to provide for such a concourse of guests.

Mr. Parsons smiled feebly at the well-worn jokes of his people, and wondered how many of this particular type of "Donation Party" it would take to send him to the poorhouse.

"Didn't you bring your city niece?" asked Mrs. Tackaberry of Mrs. Perkins, who, surrounded by a group of country friends, sat on the sofa in the parlor's study, radiant as the full moon.

"Well, no, not to-day," Mrs. Perkins answered. "We calculated, bein' there was so many tramps and roughs a-prowlin' around the country since our week, as we'd better leave some one to hum to keep house; and she didn't seem pat'ick'ly anxious to come."

"Shouldn't you've wanted to get acquainted with the young folks," said Mrs. Tackaberry.

Mrs. Perkins smiled and smoothed down the flounces of her dress. "She'll get acquainted before long, I guess," said she, calmly.

"Not very young, is she?" said Miss Tackaberry.

"About sixteen," answered Mrs. Perkins, with suppressed triumph.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Tackaberry. "She must find it awful dull here!"

"Not so very," returned Mrs. Perkins. "Been here long?"

"A week."

"Me and sister Typhosa'll call to-morrow," said Miss Tackaberry. "I was always one to believe in sociability."

But here Mrs. Parsons feebly announced that "supper was ready," and in the blind rush that ensued, Mrs. Perkins and Miss Tackaberry got separated.

At the "Donation Party" everybody ate as much as they possibly could, and nearly everybody put something in his or her pockets for the children at home. Gallons of scalding tea and lukewarm coffee vanished; tons of indigestible cake disappeared as if by magic; monster dishes of sticky preserves were ever and anon renewed; relays of hot biscuits arrived every five minutes from the stove-ovens, and still the cry was "more."

But the meal was, luckily for Mrs. Parsons's equanimity, drawing to a close, when Joel Fullerton, a handsome, swarthy-browed young giant, popped his head in at the door and looked around.

"Deacon Perkins's folks here?" said he.

"That's me," said Mr. Perkins, with his mouth full of biscuit and honey.

"Old horse ain't got loose, has he? I tied him close to the—"

"No, it ain't the horse," said Joel.

"Just step out here. I want to speak to you a minute."

Mrs. Perkins uttered a shrill little shriek.

"I knowed it," said she—"I knowed it perfectly well. Somethin' happened. The new Alderney cow is lamed, or else the house is took on fire, and the insurance run out on't yesterday."

"Somethin' happened," said Joel, with an anxious look, "though I don't rightly know how nor what. Mother she just came across lots to your house to get the receipt for makin' soft-soap, and although she could see your niece a-settin' by the fire, she couldn't make her hear, though she knocked fit to rattle the side of the old house down. And—don't be scared—she, sort o' thinkin' Miss Chatty's in a fit or hurt or su'thin', so she sent me down here on Speckle-back, while she stayed by the door to sort o' keep guard."

"Jerusalem!" muttered Mr. Perkins, fumbling to untie the horse. "Why didn't you kick in the door, or smash the window-panes, or su'thin'?"

"As for the door, I tried my level best," said Joel; "but them timbers would stand an earthquake. And mother she wouldn't let me break the window, for fear the flyin' glass should hurt your niece."

"Gittin' mother," said Perkins, hoarse-ly. "Quick! There ain't no time to lose! I dunno what on airth I shall say to Brother Clayton, down in York, if anything has happened to the gal that's all he's got in the world."

"I knowed it—I was sure on't!" shrilly wailed poor Mrs. Perkins, rocking herself back and forth. "She's been murdered by a slungshot by some o' them miser'ble creeters as got loose from Diktown Jail. We never oughter a-leave her there alone!"

"Don't mother, don't!" said Perkins, faintly, ducking his head as if her words were a shower of hailstones. "Praps things ain't so very bad arter all. Praps—she's asleep."

"Not very likely," said Joel, trotting alongside of the wagon on Speckle-back, a stout four-year-old colt. "Nobody could ha' slept much with mother hollerin' and rappin' on the glass like mad, and me a-kickin' at the door so that the very clock tumbled off the shelf."

"If you ketch hold o' my arm that way, mother," said poor Perkins, despairingly, "I can't drive a yard further."

Even in that solitary and thinly peopled neighborhood a little group had already collected around the windows of Deacon Perkins's house, peering through the tangle of tall lilac bushes and dense-growing clematis to get a glimpse into the tiny-paned casements, and a line of curiously-minded people had followed from the Catfield parsonage, under the vague impression that "something was wrong at Asa Perkins's place."

"Just look for yourself," said Joel Fullerton.

"I can't!" muttered Perkins, passing his hand across his forehead, as if there was some unwanted pressure there.

"Get me a screw-driver, something, outen the back shed. I'll get in here, or I'll know the reason why!"

"Father!" squeaked his wife; "there ain't no need for no screw-driver. The buttery window's wide open, with nothin' but a few meshes o' mosquito nettin' over it. You can scramble in there as easy as not, and open the front door from inside."

The suggestion was instantly carried out, and in a moment, as it were, the crowd was inside the door, staring in a terrified way at the figure wrapped in shawls, which had fallen to one side in the old rocking-chair, with its face averted. No one had courage to step forward and solve the mystery. There was a second of appalling suspense, when suddenly the back door was flung open, and in rushed Chatty Clayton herself, with bright eyes, cheeks flushed like twin roses, and her apron full of brilliant blue asters and yellow-fringed golden rods.

"What is the matter, Aunt Matilda?" she cried. "Back so soon? Why, I didn't expect you until after dark! I just ran down into the woods to get some flowers and red leaves to arrange on the walls; and the sun isn't fairly down yet. But what has happened? Why are all these people here?"

Mrs. Perkins made a dash at Chatty and hugged her, after a straggling fashion, to her heart.

"She's alive!" she shrieked. "She ain't dead! Nor she ain't in a fit!"

Chatty broke into a merry tinkle of laughter.

"It—it's only a dummy, Uncle Asahel," she confessed. "I dressed up the bolster in Aunt Tilda's double gown and cap and spectacles and set it in the rocking-chair, so that if any one looked into the window, they shouldn't fancy the old place quite deserted. For the sunshine was so bright, and the woods looked so delightful, that I couldn't stay in! But, oh—with a penitent clasping of her hands—"I didn't—indeed I didn't mean to give you such a fright as this!"

"I don't mind the fright, my dear, so long as everything has turned out right at last," said Uncle Asahel, his whole face beaming into a universal smile.

"Neighbors, will you sit down and take a snack?" looking hospitably around on the assemblage. "We haven't much but soft gingerbread and dried-peach sassa—"

"And that's burned," guiltily murmured Chatty.

"But such as it is, you're kindly welcome to it," added the farmer.

But the neighbors decided to return to Catfield Parsonage, with the solitary exception of Joel Fullerton, who elected to remain and be lectured by Chatty on his officiousness.

"And so you really believed that old spectacle thing to be—me!" cried Chatty with infinite scorn.

"You know I had never seen you," pleaded Joel.

"And you went and spoiled Uncle Asahel's Donation Party, and set all the tongues in Catfield wagging, and made a scene all on account of—a bolster?"

"I'll never do so again," abjectly uttered Joel.

And therewith the young people burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, on the back porch, nodded their heads and said "they guessed it was all right."—Saturday Night.

known it all along! I knowed nothin' hadn't happened! Oh, Chatty, Chatty! I never was so glad o' nothin' in all my life before!"

"But," spoke up Mr. Perkins, glancing furtively toward the rocking-chair, "who's that? Who's the dead woman, or the woman in a fit, or whoever she is?"

Chatty broke into a merry tinkle of laughter.

"It—it's only a dummy, Uncle Asahel," she confessed. "I dressed up the bolster in Aunt Tilda's double gown and cap and spectacles and set it in the rocking-chair, so that if any one looked into the window, they shouldn't fancy the old place quite deserted. For the sunshine was so bright, and the woods looked so delightful, that I couldn't stay in! But, oh—with a penitent clasping of her hands—"I didn't—indeed I didn't mean to give you such a fright as this!"

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Eating 100 Eggs at One Sitting.

At the Hoffman House last night a party sat at a table in the art gallery making wagers each on his own particular trick. A young broker who spent last summer with his grandmother in Jersey, won a pocketful of greenbacks on a trick taught him by the good old lady. He had lost considerable money on catch bets when he offered to wager any one in the party that he could eat more eggs than any other three men present, providing he was permitted to have the last turn. A doctor, a coroner and a bank teller took the bet. After a brief discussion the three gentlemen decided to tackle fried eggs. He repaired to an all-night restaurant in Sixth avenue, famous for the encounters which men about town have had within its portals and ordered a batch. Every man ate and the waiter handed a check for several dozen.

Then the young broker that had learned a thing or two from his Jersey grandmother directed the cook to crack and spill into a large pan 100 fresh eggs. Before putting the eggs into the pan, however, he ordered that it be half-filled with vinegar. His instructions were carried out. After allowing the mixture to cook a reasonable time the cover was lifted and the eggs placed in a big dish. By permission of the proprietor the gentlemen interested had watched the cooking. When the eggs were brought forth every one except the man with the Jersey grandmother gave vent to ejaculations of astonishment. The 100 eggs could be conveniently put into an ordinary teacup. Then the owner ate them in half a dozen swallows.

"There's a hole in the pan," yelled one of the party.

"No there ain't. I'll explain. The vinegar has eaten them. It is a fact. You can drop a thousand eggs into a boiler with a little vinegar in it and you will find that when cooked in it the eggs will disappear as if by magic."—New York Mail and Express.

The Youngest Federal Soldier.

The youngest Union soldier of the late war seems to be almost as numerous as the aged colored woman who nursed George Washington. A St. Louis paper now claims that the honor belongs to Mr. George Faulds, who lives at 301 South Broadway, and is a member of Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., of that city. Mr. Faulds was just twelve years, one month and seven days old when he mustered into the service on the 7th day of November, 1861, and he was mustered out January 17, 1865. He was enabled to enter the army at such an early age, because his guardian, General Robert B. Mitchell, desired to keep him with him. General Mitchell commanded the Ninth Brigade of the Ninth Division, under General Buell. General Jeff C. Davis commanding the division. Soon after he was mustered in he was placed on detached service as an orderly for General Mitchell. Mr. Faulds went into the service with Company H, Second Kansas Cavalry. He also claims to be the youngest member of the Grand Army of the Republic.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Quaint Epitaph.

In the new cemetery at Stirling, Scotland, there is a tombstone to the memory of a "Chief-Constable of Stirlingshire," which, though erected as late as 1809, has in the epitaph a most quaint and suggestive illustration of mortality:

"Our life is but a winter day;  
Some only breakfast and away;  
Others to dinner stay;  
And are full fed;  
The oldest men but sup,  
and goes to bed;  
Large in his debt,  
that lingers out the day;  
he that goes soonest,  
has the least to pay."

Making Themselves Old.

Shakespeare makes Caesar say that cowardly men make times before their deaths. And so they do. And so do thousands upon thousands of persons who grant their lives away. They make themselves old with imagined aches and pains and anticipated distresses. It is not good to give way to morbidness. Anticipation brings the misery that it looks for. If we think we are sick we shall be sick. If we anticipate decrepitude it will run its course.

## VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Their Customs and Morals—A People who Practiced Mummification—Their Religion and Schools.

The Canaries have been known from a very early period. They were renowned for the mildness of their climate, and had been called the Fortunate Islands. The Champs Elysees were fabled as being there, and the poets were emulous in their celebration of them. The name Canaries is mentioned for the first time by Pliny, who says he learned it from Juba, King of Mauritania. In 1402 the Norman, Jean de Bethencourt, conquered them in the name of Isabella, the Catholic. The avowed motive was to convert the idolaters to the true faith, and under this pretext he committed the greatest rapines and cruelties.

In a comparatively short time, by a phenomenon of which history offers but few examples, the Gouanches had lost their nationality, their name, their language, their customs and their traditions. The chroniclers of the conquest have informed us in their long accounts of the exploits of De Bethencourt and of his companions, but they have given only incidentally details concerning the unhappy inhabitants, whom they consider as native barbarians that were not worth the trouble of studying.

Dr. Chil, of Las Palmas, has devoted himself during the last twenty-five years to the task of reconstructing, scientifically, the past of the Gouanches. He has examined all the writings pertaining to them, made numerous excavations, and, stimulated by his initiative, a scientific society has been formed in that city, and a Canarian Museum, where are grouped their collections.

Here are some facts which were obtained during a visit to Dr. Chil and the Canarian Museum: The Gouanches are large and robust. Their hair is brown and sometimes blonde; the face is long, and likewise the skull, with the chin prominent. They inhabit yet almost exclusively the mountains in the center of the seven Canaries. Before the conquest and after the Fifteenth Century they remained absolutely in the age of stone. To manufacture tools and arms they utilized the volcanic rocks which form the islands, principally the basalt, because of its coherence, and the obsidian or glass of the volcanoes, which is very sharp. Notwithstanding the intercourse necessarily frequent with the navigators of all nations along their coasts, and who had been possessed of the metals for a long time, they knew neither of their use nor the art of producing them, and were restricted to the natural material of their islands.

The Canarian Museum possesses some polished axes, of a form and workmanship perfectly similar to those of other parts of the globe, besides the usual instruments, knives, pincers, etc. The Gouanches possessed domestic animals, as the goat, the hog and the dog, but not, as was thought, the camel. They tanned the skins with art to the point that the skins of the goat and hog with which they enveloped their mummies are perfectly preserved for centuries. They were also very skillful at sewing these skins, although their needles were only bones of fishes and the points of leaves of the palm tree. They made with woven rushes real tissues, resembling coarse cloth. Although they might know of the wheel, their skill was great in the potter's art. Their vases are frequently of large dimensions, of elegant forms and of a red color, with designs in bright red or in black. The handles of some, says Dr. Chil, recall those of the pottery of the ancient Egyptians.

The Gouanches obtained fire by rubbing a hard piece of wood against a soft piece. They cultivated wheat, and above all barley. They consumed a great quantity of figs and dates, which are only a little carnosus and peculiar to the Canaries. The vine to them was unknown. Although warriors, and often engaged in civil war, their arms were of the most rudimentary kind. The stone axes were exceptional. They did not even know the use of the sling. They hurled stones by force of the arm, and this method of attack was sometimes terrible. The defensive arm was the stick, which was resorted to in their hands. Their breasts were protected by cuirasses of wood. It was with these elementary means that they for a long time resisted their Spanish conquerors and accomplished exploits which are celebrated in the accounts of their chroniclers.

The Gouanches had neither chariots nor carts, carrying everything on their backs. They possessed neither boats nor rafts, but were skillful swimmers. As the seven islands were too distant to communicate in this way, their populations remained isolated, and although they had essentially the same degree of civilization, yet in detail their manner was different. In the Islands of Fuerte Ventura the remains of important structures are found, which were called palaces by the conquerors. They embalmed their cadavers with care, but the process has been lost for preserving the flesh. The preserved body was surrounded with aromatic branches and a number of tanned skins of the hog and goat. The mummy was then placed in a cavern, where it is preserved until our days, or in the open under some little tumulus. With the Egyptians of the time of the Pharaohs and the Peruvians of the Incas, the Gouanches were the only people who practiced mummification. They believed in a Supreme Being who chastised vice and recommended virtue, particularly valor.

Contrary, however, to that which the chroniclers assert to justify, without doubt, the cruelties of the Spaniards—they had no idols. Their religion was very advanced. They had, notably in the Grand Canarie, convents of men who lived on public charity, and convents of women rigorously cloistered, for whom the sight only of a man was a sin. The morals of the Gouanches were severe. The man who misconducted himself was punished. In the case of a woman, she was upbraided and condemned to death. Another pitiable feature of their customs was that the men and women were not permitted to take the same road, but had their separate paths. They knew not how to write, but had, nevertheless, public schools, where the traditions and national songs were taught. Their language was lost after the conquest.

They now speak only the Spanish.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## WISE WORDS.

Passion is a bad counselor, and generally a bad speaker.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Dignity does not consist in possessing honors, but in deserving them.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry, nor nobly, which is done in pride.

The greatest event in a hen's life is made up of an egg and a cackle. But eagles never cackle.

The best people are not those who say the most or speak the best, but they who say the best and do as they say.

Money and time both have their value. He who makes a bad use of one will never make a good use of the other. Many calumnies are in vogue after being refuted. Like the Spanish flies they sting when alive and blister when dead.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

Beauty deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light.

The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.

## A Venezuela Country Inn.

The usual country inn all over Venezuela reminds me of those of Mexico, Spain and even northern Africa, for the Moors introduced their mode of living and traveling into Spain, and the Spaniards adopted it for their own country as well as for the colonies, which they founded only a few years after the downfall of the Moors. All these posadas, or fondas, or fonditas, are built in square shape, with an interior courtyard, frequently adorned with flower beds and palm trees and surrounded by galleries. The traveler, after descending from his horse, is usually shown to one of the few large, airy rooms with stone floor and high ceilings, in which three or four folding beds, consisting of a piece of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, and probably one or two chairs are the only pieces of furniture. In larger towns of 6,000 to 8,000 inhabitants there will be even a wash table, but its presence is not insisted upon by the weary traveler, who can as well do his washing in the river or the acequia. Sometimes one room has to be shared with two or three fellow travelers, invariably men, for I stopped at posadas where female travelers have not been seen for years. There are, of course, no glass windows in any of the country "hotels," but the windows are barred with heavy iron gratings and wooden staves. On convenient places under the ceiling there are iron hooks and rings, for the wealthier traveler frequently carries his own hammock, on which, suspended across the room, he prefers to pass the nights sheltered against the attacks of centipedes, scorpions, or other minor bloodthirsty things, but without defense against bats, some of which are very large. I did not sleep in many rooms without a few bats as room-mates. Even in private houses, on the haciendas of the wealthier planters they flitted about the room. When they became too familiar and approached my face I got up, and shaking a sheet I drove them out of the window; but they invariably returned, without, however, ever settling down on my face.

One might be able to keep snoring fellow travelers out of the room by engaging all the beds, but sometimes, when guests are numerous and accommodations scanty, one cannot help sharing the room with them. The almuerzo and the comida are not the best, but there are always eggs, chicken, salad, and coffee to be had, while in the larger towns red wine is included in the meals and not paid for extra. The reader will probably not be tempted to undertake any travels in Venezuela, but I must confess I have fared worse in many countries with the reputation of being far more civilized than our sister Republic. Travelers, after riding on horseback day after day, sometimes for weeks, are usually so tired that they will sleep anywhere, and so hungry that they will eat anything.—New York Sun.

## A File of Notes.

David and Dora early decided to have a home. And while they were considering one plan after another, the little wife sought information from every accessible source concerning the best way to make it convenient and pleasant. One by one she collected a pile of notes which were to wait it in. Among them were the following:

Not to build the house or furnish it out of harmony with other circumstances.

Not to have gingerbread work upon or in the house.

Not to allow poor work or shams of any kind in its construction.

Not to attempt to vie with rich neighbors.

Not to sacrifice comfort or health to appearances.

Not to make small rooms in



**Struck the Wrong Town.**  
Lord Doanyclock's—"I want extra steam heat, weather-strips on the windows, a special hall boy, private dining-rooms, elder-down quilts and—"  
Hotel clerk—"Hold on, my dear sir. I think you've made a mistake. This isn't heaven?"—[Puck.

**A Useful Present.**  
"What's that?" asked a country gentleman in a music store.  
"That? O, that is used on violins. It is called a chin rest."  
"Chin rest, is it? Well, gimme one. It's just the sort of thing I want for a present for my wife."—[Sittings.

**The Ladies' Favorite.**  
The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate, and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the ills which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard and dragged-out victim, and gives her renewed vigor and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

In Comanche county, Kan., on the banks of the Cimarron river, there are vast fields of salt hundreds of acres in extent. The salt crust is six to eight inches thick.

**The Cutest Little Things.**  
"Cute!" he echoed. "Well I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, let me make no fuss about it, cause no pain or weakness, and, in short, are—very thing that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not to be, I agree that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are about the cutest little things going!"

A solid outclass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

Mild, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The corn pack in Maine is estimated at 16,000,000 ears.

**The Homeliest Man in Town.**  
As well as the handsome, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Send for pamphlet on "Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh." Mailed free from City Hall Pharmacy, 264 B'way, New York.

**The Plain Truth**  
Is that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of people who suffered severely with rheumatism. It neutralizes the lactic acid in the blood, which causes those terrible pains and aches, and also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus preventing the recurrence of the disease. These facts warrant us in urging you, if you suffer with rheumatism, to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

"Having been troubled with inflammatory rheumatism for many years, my favorable attention was called to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now used three bottles and can already testify to beneficial results. I highly recommend it as a great blood purifier."—J. C. ATENA, West Bloomfield, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

**STOPPAGE**  
Of the secretions and urinary organs is a fearful source of disease and death. Hunt's Remedy is an absolute regulator and cure, and has saved the lives of thousands. Sold by all apothecaries and dealers.

**KIDDER'S**  
**DIGESTYLIN**

**A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.**  
Over 100 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. It gives nerve and tone to the stomach where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

**FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.**  
IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN INFANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION. It is the best remedy for cholera infantum, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion. It is a powerful laxative, and it is the only one that does not have its seed one dollar to be used. It is a sure cure for cholera infantum. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, 55 John St., N. Y.

**Anti-Apoplectine**  
TRADE MARK.  
A combination of the most potent remedies known to Medical Science for preserving the fluidity and purity of the blood and the integrity of the blood vessels, should you suffer from Dizziness or Pressure in Head, Spots before Eyes, Pain around or Palpitation of Heart, Pain in Region of Heart with feeling of suffocation, Ringing Sound in Ears, Numbness or Prickling sensation of Limbs, especially the Arms, Pain between Shoulders and in Side, Dry Cough, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, or if suffering from General Debility with Loss of Appetite, procure a bottle of Anti-Apoplectine. It not only

**PREVENTS**  
Apoplexy, but cures Paralysis, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Angina Pectoris, Chronic Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Dyspepsia, &c., &c.  
For sale by all druggists. Price \$1 a bottle and \$5 a dozen. Sent to Dr. F. S. Hutchinson & Co., 200 West 11th St., N. Y. & A. & A. for circulars, each containing full particulars.

**APOPLECTY!**

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### How to Manage Poultry Manure.

The subject of the care of poultry manure was discussed at a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, when it was advised. First—To allow the droppings to remain in or near the poultry-house, and at regular intervals sprinkle plaster or dry soil over them in order to prevent loss by evaporation. Sufficient dry soil should be added to keep the pile moist and prevent it drying up so as to render the application to the crop difficult. Second—To gather up the droppings at intervals and place them in tight barrels, being careful to cover each layer with plaster, dry soil or road dust. When ready for application, when dry, it may be mixed with a varying amount of soil and allowed to lie until the whole is moist enough to crumble readily, when, by shoveling over a few times, the mixture can be easily and readily applied to the crop. Either of these plans will prevent loss by evaporation and attain the same end. No plan was proposed where poultry is not kept under shelter, but it was decided that the increased value of the droppings would soon pay for a roof.

### The Dairy in Winter.

In former times farmers who depended solely upon domestic effort for the manufacture of butter arranged, if possible, so as to have their cows run dry during the winter season, but since the advent of associated dairying as conducted upon the creamery system there is a change, and cows in full milk are fully as desirable in winter as in summer. The only obstacle in the way of dairying in winter is the additional attention that is required in the matter of feed. It is a fixed fact that the best butter that it is possible to make comes from a full, rich grass feed. But there is only a portion of the year that the luxuriant grass is at its best, and a considerable portion when there is no green grass, and the chief dependence is upon dry fodder. As a consequence, under the old system in the case of milk continuance through the winter, the change from green grass to dry fodder brought a diminished flow of milk with a corresponding diminishing of value of cream.

So, if butter production winter is practiced there arises the necessity for improved feeding.

It is very certain that with the best of cows coming from the best of breeds, so far as butter production is concerned, little need be expected unless the feeding is made to correspond to some extent to the object desired. The cow is a machine for the transformation of fodder material into milk, possessing a maximum quantity of butter substance, now if the feed is deficient in this the end cannot be accomplished. Experience has proven that simple dry hay, even of good quality, is insufficient to give a desirable richness to cream. It must be supplemented with grain and vegetables, or, as some practice, with ensilage.

In the tables given for feeding standards, may be found a statement of the substance required by milch cows, based upon each 1,000 pounds of live weight.

A feeding ration should contain 24 lbs. of organic substance, of which the nutritive digestible portion should contain 2.5 lbs. of protein, 12.5 lbs. carbo hydrate, and 0.40 of fat. This has a nutritive ratio of 1.54.

With tables of analysis of fodder substances any farmer can fill up such a ration as his fodder will admit of, and which will fill the conditions necessary for the case.

Professor Stewart, in his valuable work on Feeding Animals, gives the following:

Professor Johnson gives a formula for feeding rations calculated from the tables, as follows:

Below is also another by the same eminent practical chemist:

12 lbs. average meadow hay,  
5 " oat straw,  
5 " mangolds,  
25 " brewer's grains,  
3 " cotton seed cake.

20 lbs. well cured corn fodder,  
5 " rye straw,  
5 " malt sprouts,  
3 " cotton seed meal.

Below is also another by the same eminent practical chemist:

12 lbs. corn fodder,  
5 " wheat bran,  
5 " malt sprouts,  
3 " corn meal,  
3 " cotton seed meal.

To feed for a specific purpose, or to secure the best results, is an important study, and it is believed that the economy that comes from intelligent feeding will pay for all the time required to study the question. Thorough investigation is throwing a vast deal of light upon some of those practical questions of agriculture of which the farmers in the past were in comparative ignorance. Farming, when directed by intelligence, becomes one of the most satisfactory employments in which mankind can be engaged.—New York Observer.

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
A little fresh meat will now help the poultry.

A tight roof on the shed, a clean fleece on the sheep.

The most valuable man on the dairy farm is the good milker.

To protect trees from mice tie lathes or staves around the trunks.

It is said that sweet potatoes should not be fed to laying hens, but are excellent for poultry intended for market.

There should be enough bedding material in the stables to render it comfortable for the stock, and absorb all the liquid.

Young turkeys must be allowed to run only in fields where the grass is cut short, as wet plumage seems to be fatal to them.

and neat cattle, and it should be carefully exterminated.

A very good shed for sheep can be made with a tight roof, and west, north and east parts covered up tight, leaving the south side open.

The yellow skin of the dairy cow denotes yellow butter and yellow fat. The latter is considered rather objectionable in the beef animal.

Ground or broken bone is highly relished by hens, and is excellent for them. It contains lime for shells, and also nitrogen and the phosphates.

Neither the farmer nor the chemist alone can always select the fertilizer best suited to the need of the farmer. That point must be determined by experiment.

If any farm animal should have sweet, clean provender it is the milch cow, whose product daily finds its way into the veins of the family to promote health or produce disease.

Wheat straw, cut fine and moistened with water slightly salted, then sprinkled with corn meal, will be eaten by sheep, and will answer for them if they be also fed liberally on grain.

At present prices wheat is about as cheap as corn for stock food, as it contains more nitrogen, and is much cheaper in proportion to the amount of nutrition as compared with corn.

Some cows naturally give rich milk, and a cow which naturally gives poor milk cannot be brought to give the richest, though fed on rich food. "What's bred in the blood," etc.

Ground fish is now being extensively used as poultry food in place of ground meal, and it is said to be excellent, especially as it contains quite a proportion of bone as well as meal.

It is a good idea to bed barnyards. If straw is abundant, use it; if a acre, use forest leaves. Sods with a thin slice of earth and much grass do pretty well, as they absorb the liquid manure.

True, some think that corn-fed pork is not so good as pork made by feeding barley, oats or wheat, for it has not so large a proportion of lean meat. Experiment and see how it is yourself.

Lard as a lubricator is said to loosen the spokes if used on wagons. Old pine-knot tar is better, and two parts of tallow, one of tar and one of castor oil make a first-rate mixture for cold weather.

In transplanting young seedlings it is important they should not be exposed to drying winds or hot sun, even a few minutes. The soil should be well worked in among the roots and firmed with the feet.

A mixture of two hundred pounds of oats, two hundred pounds of peas and twenty-five pounds of flaxseed, ground together, was recommended by the Country Gentleman as excellent food for growing a colt.

Skim milk thickened with shorts and corn meal makes almost a perfect food for growing pigs, and if given three times a day will make them grow rapidly. A mess of chopped clover hay (scalded), given once a day, will perfect the ration.

If you contemplate planting raspberries or blackberries in the spring, and have not plowed and prepared the ground during the fall, that work might be done sometime during the winter, so that the planting may be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

The mere size of pumpkins is considered a poor criterion for testing their value. The best pumpkins have shells as hard as a Hubbard squash and solid flesh extending almost to the center. The best are as superior for feeding stock as they are for cooking.

Pigs which come late, in cold weather should be left with the sow as long as possible, or they may be stunted in growth. Give the sow plenty of rich slop and teach the pigs to eat by placing milk in a small trough as soon as possible, in order to lessen their dependence on their swinish mother.

An exchange seasonably introduces the following "chestnut": "Shelter is cheaper than fodder, and for cattle exposed to cutting winds it requires at least one-third more food to keep up the same condition in flesh as under comfortable protection." The same commentator truthfully remarks: "Manure is the farmers' savings bank, and if more of them would have large heaps of it every spring to spread upon their lands, instead of money at interest, they would prosper better in the end."

### Cause of Ex-President Grevy's Fall.

But the oddest detail of the late crisis is the thing that actually brought it about. It is hard to believe that it was a fragment of the skin of the murderer Franzini that set in motion the wheels of the whole complicated machine. Yet such is the simple literal fact. A pocket-book, covered with a piece of the skin of the assassin, tanned and colored *seandum artem*, was offered to M. Gragnon, and the acceptance by that functionary of this peculiar present caused so much talk and created such a sensation that, to turn the attention of the Parisian press and public to something else, he started the prosecution of General Caffarelli, never dreaming of the train of consequences that his action would draw after it. So if Franzini had never murdered Marie Regnault and her two companions, M. Grevy would still be President of France, and nobody would have had a word to say against his son-in-law—Paris Letter.

### A Dog Fires a Big Gun.

Sunday at about 9 A.M. the entire garrison at Fort Keogh turned out at the alarm of the big gun, which is only used in times of fire. Immediately after the alarm of the big gun, bang, bang, went the muskets of the sentries, and all was confusion, consternation and alarm until the case was explained. The big gun is always kept in readiness, loaded and primed, but the lanyard is usually coiled upon the breech of the gun. On this particular morning the wind happened to be blowing pretty hard and dislodged the lanyard, which was waited about by the breeze. A couple of parrot dogs were playing in that neighborhood, and in the exuberance of his spirits one little dog seized the string, seized it with his teeth and pulled on it briskly, discharging the gun. There is one playful canine at that post not likely to fool with a gun for some time. The explosion caused him to stick his tail between his legs and fly yelping at every jump.—Yellowstone Journal.



### "I WISH YOU HAD SOAP THAT WOULD FLOAT."

A lady said to a clerk in a large grocery store. "You have no idea how ordinary soap is wasted. The servants let it remain in the bottoms of the wash-tubs, dish-pans, and scrubbing-pails, and when the water is poured off, the soap has the consistency of mush, and a new bar must be taken from the box. If the soap would only float, they would see it, and take it out of the water when they were through with it."

The "IVORY SOAP" floats, replied the clerk. Oil will float; and, as the "IVORY SOAP" is made of oils, and is 99 1/4 per cent pure, as a matter of course it will float.

### A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

**THOUSANDS**  
say that  
**Ely's Cream Balm**  
cured them of  
**CATARRH.**  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
KLY BROS., 230 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**GOLD** is worth \$500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth \$1,000, but is sold at 50c. a box by dealers.  
\$5  
to \$5 a day. Samples worth \$1.00, FREE.  
Lines not under the horse's feet. Write  
Brewster Safety Razor Holder Co., Holly, Mich.  
N. E. Two

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE**  
BEST IN THE WORLD  
Sold Everywhere.

**SOLDIERS** all get Pension, if 4 disabled Officers travel pay, bounty collected, Deserter relieved, 22 years practice, Success or no fee. Late sent from A. W. McDermick & Son, Washington, D. C.

**Blair's Pills.** Great English Gout & Rheumatic Remedy.  
Oval Box, \$1.00; round, 50c.

**HOME STUDY.** Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Mental Science, &c., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRADY'S COLLEGE, 127 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**

**\$500**  
**WILL PAY**  
**FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS**  
For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS  
50 CENTS.  
The Only Guaranteed Cure.

### CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

**SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.**—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scale from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive, small and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

If you would remove an evil, *eradic* at its root. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a thorough and persistent internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung disease, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and syphilitic taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific

effect upon the lining mucous membrane of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of the follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membrane, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

**LOCAL AGENT.**  
As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

**PERMANENT CURES.**  
The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is permanent.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery \$1.00, six bottles for \$5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents, half-dozen bottles \$2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 555 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**DR. PIERCE'S**  
**PURGATIVE**  
**PELLETS**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!  
As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequalled!  
SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.  
Beware of Imitations, which contain Potassium Bichromate, Prussic Acid, or Anti-bilious Genuines. ONE PILL A DOSE.  
**SICK HEADACHE,**  
Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Stomach Ailments, and all Disorders of the Liver and Bowels, are speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets. A genuine, safe, and reliable remedy for all these ailments. It is a powerful, yet gentle, cathartic, and its action is so rapid that it gives the most perfect satisfaction.

## WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER



### GOES DIRECT TO WEAK SPOTS.

Don't allow yourself to break. Keep up Youth, Health, Vigor. As good at 50 years as at 25, as good at 75 as at 40. At the first signs of going back begin the use of WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER. Rejuvenates lagging vital forces, causes the blood to course through the veins as in youth. For weak men, delicate women. Cures Dyspepsia, Brains or Nervous Weakness, Exhausted Vitality, Restorers Vigor. \$1.00. Drug, or Ex. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

**Buchu-Palpa.** Quick, cures, all Astringent, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, &c. \$1. Druggists E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

**DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT.** THE GREAT SPECIFIC.  
**KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE \$1.00**

### READ SYMPTOMS AND CONDITIONS.

This Remedy will Relieve and Cure.

If You are threatened with, or already have, Bright's disease, or Urinary trouble, have sediment in urine like brick dust, frequent calls or Retention, with distress or pressure in the parts.

If You have Lame Back, Rheumatism, Stinging, Aching Pains in side or hips, have Diabetes or Dropsy, or scanty or high colored urine.

If You have Malaria, Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Gall Stone, Fever and Ague, or Gout, have Irritation, Spasmodic Stricture, or Catarrh of the Bladder.

If You have Bile-ous humors, Pimples, Ulcers, Seminal Weakness, or Syphilis, have Stone in Kidney, or Gravel in Bladder, Stoppage of urine or dribbling, have poor Appetite, Bad Taste, Foul breath, or INTERNAL Slime fever, up quickly a run-down constitution. Don't neglect early symptoms.

EVERY DOSE GOES RIGHT TO THE SPOT! Prepared at Dispensary. Recommended by renowned physicians. "Insoluble Guide to Health" free. Address free. Genuine. Have Dr. Kilmer's Likeness on outside and inside wrappers.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dr. KILMER & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

**\$1.00—Six Bottles \$5.00**

### I CURE FITS!

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop the fits for a time and have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or HALLUCINATIONS, a thing of the past. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Persons who have failed in no other way, now resorting to me. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. E. C. ROBT. M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

### Notice to Inventors.

We handle on Commission also BUY and SELL PATENT RIGHTS. Address, with stamp, FULLINGTON & MCINTIRE, Brokers, Clay Centre, Kan.

### OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.



PEACE.  
Winds and wild waves in headlong commo-  
tion  
Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic breast;  
While underneath, far fathoms deep in ocean,  
Lie peace and rest.

Storms in mid air, the rack before them sweeping,  
Hurry and hiss, like furies hate possessed;  
While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping  
In peace and rest.

Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm world  
raging  
Flit'st thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest,  
When all so near above, below unchanging,  
Are heaven and rest?  
—C. W. Willis in Youth's Companion.

EFFECTS OF EARLY RISING.

Getting Up So Early As to Be Less  
"Healthy, Wealthy and Wise."  
Let us begin by saying that every person  
needs a certain average amount of sleep  
in twenty-four hours, and that, except  
in extremely rare cases, the person  
best preserves health by taking that average  
amount every day, beginning at the  
same hour, and of course ending at the  
same hour, day after day.

In the next place, remembering that  
if we observe the rule of taking a uniform  
amount of sleep each night, the question  
of what hour we shall rise is determined  
by the hour of retiring, we may say that,  
with most people, the morning hours are  
the best and freshest of the day. This does  
not cover the whole truth, for, in considering  
this question, it must be borne in mind that  
we are really deciding between an hour, or less  
time, at the beginning, and the same time at  
the end of the day.

Again, the amount of sleep needed is  
not the same for all persons. Consequently,  
if all are to rise at the same hour, they must  
retire at different hours.

One of the most amusing conceits of the  
Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale represents a farmer  
and his wife, with a frenzy for early rising,  
to have argued, from the success of 6 o'clock as  
a uniform breakfast hour through the year,  
that they could gain an hour a day by breakfasting  
at 5.

The experiment worked so well that they  
presently pushed the breakfast hour back to 4  
o'clock, and so gained two hours a day. Again  
they moved the hour back to 3 o'clock—and so they  
went on, until they had gone backward through  
the hours three times, with the result of  
gaining three whole days every day they  
live.

Obviously one may rise too early, and  
may in consequence be less "healthy, wealthy  
and wise" than by choosing an hour more  
reasonably early. And, finally, no rule covers  
all cases. Beyond a doubt there are persons,  
young and old, more especially old, who cannot  
rise at what is to most people not too early an  
hour, without extreme discomfort, and in some  
instances at the expense of health.

It makes no difference how early they  
retire. The addition of an hour's sleep at  
the beginning does not make them wakeful a  
moment sooner; or, it happens that they cannot  
sleep at the beginning of the night if they try.  
Such people, if the affliction is a real one, are to  
be pitied.

Now our readers will see the comfort  
we offer to late risers. We say to them that  
if they cannot rise early they ought not to do so.  
Leaving out of the account those whose work  
compels them to be up late at night, we estimate  
that one person in fifty is unable to rise early  
without harm.

The rest of those who do not get up to  
breakfast—are lazy.—Youth's Companion.

The German Soldier.

The German soldier, as seen at Stras-  
burg and in other parts of the empire, is the  
result of a most careful and thorough military  
organization for a long series of years and of a  
military system that has reached perfection. He  
is an educated man, physically and mentally,  
and a part of his education is acquired under  
military discipline. He is not so dashing in his  
appearance as the English soldier, but he shows  
in his figure the result of thorough training in  
athletic and gymnastic exercises, and there is an  
air and expression of intelligence and mental  
culture about the German soldier not seen in the  
army of any other nation. His uniform is  
scrupulously neat and clean; he is sober, quiet,  
respectful and obedient; he is faithful, loyal and  
patriotic. My observation of the German soldier  
leads me to think that in physical development,  
in military education in every detail, and in  
general education, which includes the knowledge  
of several languages, the German soldier has no  
superior or equal.—Col. Clark in New York Herald.

The Chances of Life.

The chances of life are thus set down:  
Out of every 1,000 men twenty-five of them die  
annually. One-half of those who are born die  
before they attain the age of 7 years. The men  
able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants  
of a country. More old men are found in  
elevated situations than in valleys and plains.  
The number of inhabitants of a city or county is  
renewed every thirty years. The proportion between  
the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to  
108. The probable duration of female lives is  
sixty years, but after that period the calculation  
is more favorable to them than to men.—Chicago News.

All Draw Life from the Country.

The country is the nursery of the towns and  
the towns are the nurseries of our cities. It is  
just so everywhere. When a farmer gets rich  
enough to go to town, he goes, for the town has  
good schools and churches and society. When a  
town merchant gets a little ahead, he gets ambitious,  
and wants to get rich with more alacrity. He  
becomes a little uppity and higgity, and so moves to  
the city. Just so with lawyers and doctors, and  
even the preachers are not proof against high  
salaries and beautiful churches.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Burning a Novel.

The supreme court of Norway has decided  
that the whole edition of Christian Krogh's novel  
"Albertine" is to be burned publicly. The cause of offense is a realistic  
depiction of certain dark chapters in Norwegian  
police life.

HAZING AND ITS REMEDY.

The Evil Being Traditional and Deep Seated Requires Heroic Treatment.

The evil is deep seated and has its tap  
root in the past. It is traditional. The older  
colleges, if they are blessed, are also cursed  
with traditions. And college traditions are easily  
born, and die hard. These disorderly tendencies  
are not only inherited from the past in this  
country, but from the mother country also. The  
extent of their survival there may be seen in  
the hazings, fightings and midnight maraudings  
with which "Tom Brown" is overweighed. They  
have survived, with additions, in American  
colleges. Members of advanced classes promptly  
instruct the younger classes what is always done,  
and what, therefore, they are bound to do. The  
newer men aspire to be as "smart" as their pre-  
decessors, and so they must have hazing, rushes,  
"bloody Monday," freshman beer, reciprocal  
hornings, small maraudings, and what not? The  
effect of these foolish traditions at one particular  
stage of the college course, in the sudden but  
transient transformation of a considerable number  
of well minded and well mannered young men,  
is something as unfailing as it is surprising and  
unaccountable.

In other communities it is the acknowl-  
edged rule that the whole population is banded  
together to detect and punish wrongdoing. In  
college communities the case is reversed; the  
combination is to prevent detection. It is seldom  
the case that one student will give information  
concerning another that might lead even to his  
reformation. And when it becomes apparently a  
question of penalty, not only will young men of  
no principle disregard the truth, but men of high  
principle will generally leave college sooner than  
aid in rectifying the wrong. In one case, where it  
became necessary for the safety of father and son  
that the father should know of the notorious habits  
of intoxication into which the son had fallen, he  
went away convinced of gross injustice done by the  
faculty to the young man, because he was informed  
by classmates that the statements were untrue. It  
should be said, however, that one of these class-  
mates, after graduation, had the manhood to come  
to a college officer and say: "I lied to Mr. —."

In another instance, a case of assault upon a  
professor's house, a whole class, including, with  
one exception, all its best men, were induced to  
agree beforehand that they would not answer any  
question as to their own whereabouts at a given  
time—though many of them were quietly studying  
in their rooms—lest the circle of inquiry should  
thus be narrowed toward the offenders; and they  
submitted to suspension rather than answer the  
question. Illustrative facts of this kind might  
be accumulated to any extent. But it is not  
necessary. Every college man can bear witness to  
the general state of the case.

After young men have been fully and fairly  
warned that they will be held amenable to the  
law of the land, the application of the law is not  
to be withheld. This remedy has sometimes been  
applied with excellent effect. In one case the  
victim waited till his tormentors disclosed  
themselves and brought him before a magistrate.  
One of them proved to be a son of the chief justice  
of the state, and the settlement was easy and  
lasting. In another college two young men, under  
arrest for gross violence, fled and never put in an  
appearance again.

In a third institution certain college rioters,  
sons of wealthy parents, lay in the lockup while  
their class was graduating. These are hard  
remedies, to the last degree undesirable, and if  
all other educational influences prove ineffectual,  
then the law must be the educator. The applica-  
tion of the remedy in a few instances would  
render further application unnecessary.—The Forum.

The Best Remedy

For Dyspepsia is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Other  
medicines may give temporary relief; but Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla makes a positive and permanent cure,  
as thousands can testify all over the country.

"My stomach, liver, and kidneys were in a  
disordered condition for years," writes R. Wild,  
of Hutto, Texas, "and I never found any medicine  
to relieve me, until I began to take Ayer's Sarsa-  
parilla. Less than six bottles of this remedy cured  
me."

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of Holyoke, Mass., was for  
a long time a severe sufferer from dyspepsia, try-  
ing, in vain, all the usual remedies. At last she  
began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and only three  
bottles restored her to perfect health.

"I have gone through terrible suffering from  
dyspepsia and indigestion," writes C. J. Bodemer,  
145 Columbia st., Cambridgeport, Mass., "and can  
truly say Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me."

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

**DON'T**  
Allow your Clothing,  
Paint, or Woodwork,  
washed in the old  
rubbing, twisting,  
wrecking way. Join  
that large army of  
sensible, economical people,  
who from experience have learned that  
James Pyle's Pearline, used as  
directed on each package, saves  
time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear.  
Your clothes are worn out more  
by washing than wearing. It is to  
your advantage to try Pearline.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,  
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than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in  
competition with the multitude of low test, short  
weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in  
cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall st.,  
N. Y.

A Journalist's Note Book.

In regard to subjects, I have found it a  
very wholesome and inexpensive plan to  
carry a little note book around in my  
pocket. You will find this a very worthy  
device. Set apart a pocket sacredly to its  
use, and always have it there. If you  
wake up at a quarter of 9, and have to be  
at the office at 8, and must needs  
economize on your dressing time, just let  
your suspenders and collar buttons go, but  
be sure to have the book. Don't leave your  
room without it.

Into this book put every odd, whim-  
sical or suggestive thing that you run  
across, whether you see it, hear it, read it,  
or whether it comes popping into your  
head without apparent cause or reason.  
You'll soon find that you have subjects  
enough to last the whole family for six  
months. Then all you have to do, when you  
feel the divine afflatus creeping down your  
spine, and hear the inviting murmur of the  
muse, is to seize your book, run your  
finger down its pages till you find a  
theme to suit your mood—humorous, reli-  
gious, philosophical or Walt Whit-  
maniacal, as the case may be, and then,  
putting your best foot forward, follow it  
up with equally good feet till the thing is  
done. You will find, by adopting this  
plan and putting in your odd moments,  
and an evening or two, you can average  
one or two pieces of rather so-so verse  
every week.—John P. Lyons in The  
Writer.

Give Them A Chance.

That is to say your lungs. Also all your  
breathing machinery. Very wonderful ma-  
chinery it is. Not only the largest air-passa-  
ges, but the thousands of little tubes and cav-  
ities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with  
matter which ought not to be there, your lungs  
cannot do their work. And what they do,  
they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, cat-  
arrh, consumption or any of the family of  
throat and nose and head and lung obstruc-  
tions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of.  
There is just one sure way to get rid of them.  
That is to take Boschee's German Syrup,  
which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a  
bottle. Even if every thing else has failed  
you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Baled Hay from America.

The latest competition threatening  
British farmers is the importing of baled  
hay from the United States. It is given  
out in London that the space allotted to  
cattle by the Atlantic steamers is to be  
devoted to this use. The publication of this  
news is said to be causing considerable  
alarm among agriculturists.—Chicago Times.

The poor sufferer that has been dosing  
himself with so-called Troches and thereby  
upset his stomach without curing the trouble-  
some cough, should take our advice and use  
at once Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and get well.

A Grief Stricken Ant.

Ants not only recognize one another after  
separation for more than a year, but there are  
evidences of strong affection between them.  
After keeping one nest of ants for seven years  
Sir John Lubbock had still two survivors, and  
this pair finally died within a week of each  
other, after living together two years longer.  
The shock produced by the loss of her com-  
panion was the only apparent cause of the death  
of the last member of this remarkable colony.—Arkansas  
Traveler.

The dense forests of West Virginia are  
rapidly disappearing, and soon the streams  
will be shrinking in volume and number.

No sufferer from any scrofulous dis-  
ease, who fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need  
despair of a cure. This remedy purges the  
blood of all impurities, destroys the germs of  
scrofula, and infuses new life and vigor  
throughout the physical organization.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to, and in execution of the power  
and authority contained in the mortgage given  
by Mary Ann Gamble and Eben Gamble to  
Charles B. Farley, dated July 8th, A. D. 1887,  
and recorded with Middlesex South District  
Deeds, Lib. 1012, fol. 407; which said mortgage  
was assigned by said Farley to Lewis S. Pierce,  
by deed dated August 20, 1890, and recorded with  
said deeds, Lib. 1127, fol. 229, for breach of the  
condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose  
of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public  
Auction, on the premises hereinafter described  
(being the premises described in said mortgage),  
on Monday, the twenty-third day of January,  
A. D. 1892, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

One half of an acre of land with the buildings  
thereon, situated upon the new road leading from  
Eben Pierce's residence in Lexington, in said  
County of Middlesex, to the residence of Nathan  
Pierceson in said Lexington, contiguous to a lot  
lately owned by Edward L. Tyler to Nancy  
Brown, both of Lexington, and bounded as fol-  
lows: Beginning at a stake and stone at the  
northerly corner of said road to land now or  
late of said Nancy Brown; southerly by land of  
said Nancy Brown to land of said Tyler; south-  
easterly and northeasterly by said Tyler's land  
to the bound first mentioned.

Being the same property conveyed to the said  
Mary Ann Gamble by Sarah E. Farley by deed  
dated July 4th, A. D. 1887.

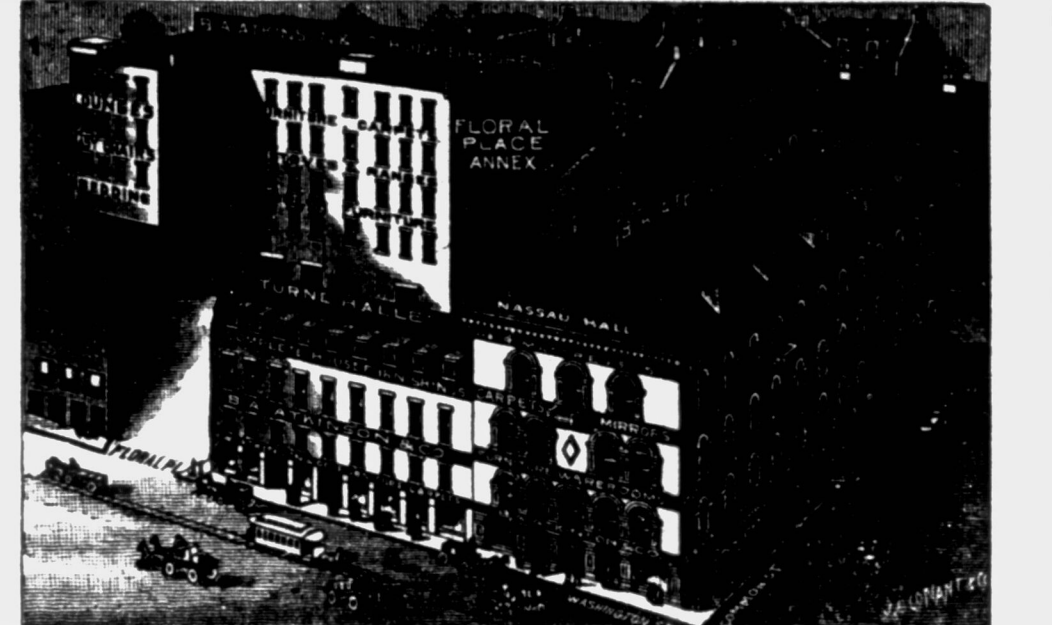
The equity of redemption, subject to said mort-  
gage, is believed to be still in said Mary Ann  
Gamble.

The premises will be sold subject to the taxes for  
1891.

Conditions made known at time and place of  
sale.

FRANCIS A. PIERCE,  
Executrix of the estate of Lewis S. Pierce, as-  
signee of said mortgage.

Lexington, Dec. 20, 1891.



THE ABOVE GIVES A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE  
MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT

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LIBERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,  
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devoted to their line of business. They sell for either CASH OR ON INSTALLMENTS ON THE  
MOST LIBERAL TERMS, AND DELIVER FREE ALL GOODS BOUGHT OF THEM TO ANY  
CITY OR TOWN where there is a railroad freight station in ME., N. H., MASS., R. I. OR CONN.

They continue their LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS which are as follows:

Customers living in the States of Mass., R. I. or Conn., who buy  
\$50 worth of goods, are allowed fare to Boston for one person.  
Customers who live in the above States, who buy \$100 worth of  
goods, are allowed fares both ways for one person.

THEIR PRICES

Are for NEW GOODS bought this season, and NOT for old stock, and any person who contemplates buy-  
ing anything in their line will do well to avail themselves of this rare opportunity.

PARLOR FURNITURE.

In this line we carry a most COMPLETE STOCK.  
Below we quote price for two or three  
of our leaders:

A 7-PIECE HAIR CLOTH PARLOR SUITE,  
velvet plush, with a large rug, including a  
beautiful large Smyrna rug. This rug alone sells  
for \$60.00. We will sell the parlor  
suite and rug together for only **\$35.00.**

A CRUSHED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces  
complete, in one color or a combination of  
colors, walnut frame, upholstered in plush,  
made to stand hard wear. We consider this  
suite, at the price, one of the  
special bargains in our store. **\$50.00.**

AN EMBROSSED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7  
pieces complete, either in one  
color or a combination of colors,  
for only **\$40.00.**

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE,

of all kinds, Kitchen and Hall Furniture, Desks, Sideboards, Mirrors, Clocks, Cabl-  
nets, Easels, Hookcases and Racks, etc., also, a large line of SOFA BEDS, BED LOUNGES,  
COMMON LOUNGES, and all kinds of upholstered goods priced at VERY LOW PRICES.

CARPETS.

Ingrain Carpets . . . . . 25c. to 50c.  
All-Wool Carpets . . . . . 60c. to \$1.00  
Tapestry Carpets . . . . . 50c. to \$1.25  
A. Plaid Carpets . . . . . \$1.10 to \$2.00  
Oil Cloths . . . . . 20c. to \$1.25  
Body Brussels Carpets . . . . . 95c. to \$1.75

STRAW MATTING, way below cost, to close out.  
Also, RUGS, MATS, ART SQUARES, CRIMB  
CLOTHS, NAPIER AND COCOA MATTING,  
SHEEPSKIN MATS, CARPET SWEEPERS, ETC.,  
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Write for Samples and Prices.

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English Decorated Tea Sets . . . . . \$3.50 up.  
English Decorated Dinner Sets . . . . . 9.50 up.  
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25 Cents; any twenty for 50 Cents; and the entire list (40 books) for \$2.50. Send for a list of the books  
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There has been placed in the hands of the sub-  
scriber, FOR SALE, a conveniently located es-  
tate having what so many desire and so few can  
find, ample land for a small farm. It is  
near the centre of Arlington, convenient to the  
steam railroad depot, the horse cars pass it, and  
is no other advantages which will be named on  
application to

Real Estate Agent, Arlington.

House, Barn, 2 Acres of Land

FOR SALE.

The estate on Arlington Avenue, near Brattle  
street, Arlington, at present rented by O. M.  
Winship, is offered for sale. The house is large,  
roomy and convenient, supplied with modern  
conveniences, and the whole estate is peculiarly  
desirable for any one desiring a place where  
there is land to cultivate. Will be sold at a bar-  
gain. Apply to

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FINE BUILDING LOTS!

A piece of Land extending from Mt. Vernon  
street to Highland street, in Arlington, Mass., of  
about 40 rods, with a frontage of about 13 rods  
on each street. For particulars inquire of

Silas Peabody,  
Waltham, Mass.

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS.

Chat About Fox Hunting in England.

What Its Defenders Say.

The first week in November is the  
hunting starting point, and it continues  
all through the winter until March with-  
out stop, check, impediment or interrup-  
tion, save by one inexorable enemy.  
That enemy is a gentleman popularly  
known as Jack Frost. No weather, be  
it wind, fog, hail, sleet or rain, will hin-  
der hunting. Indeed a wet day is not  
otherwise than propitious. "A south-  
erly wind and a cloudy sky bespeak a  
hunting morning," sings the old song,  
and no man (or woman who hunts)  
would dream of staying away from a  
meet because it is raining or "looks like  
it." It is a curious thing that following  
the hounds should offer such induc-  
ements to get a wetting without mind-  
ing it. At other times the average  
English lady or gentleman of  
hunting proclivities is as much against  
going out in the rain as they are  
then in favor of it, or rather indifferent  
to it. Except when hunting is on the  
tapis they certainly "know enough to go  
in when it rains." Generally a wet day  
keeps every one indoors, huddled about  
the fire, peering out of the windows,  
watching for "enough blue in the sky to  
make a sailor a pair of trousers;" wan-  
dering aimlessly from room to room;  
sitting gossiping in the smoking room,  
or knocking the balls about at pool or  
pyramids in the billiard room. The  
ladies get no end of crochet and crewel  
work done, and work off a vast stock of  
long neglected correspondence and un-  
answered letters. Foreigners are wont  
to laugh at the inevitable umbrella which  
to their eyes every Englishman carries  
rolled tightly up in his hand, ready for  
any shower or down pour that may come  
up unawares. There are no people in  
the world so afraid of getting wet; but  
if rain doesn't put a stopper on hunting,  
frost does.

There is no hunting, there can be no  
hunting, when there is frost. And for  
two reasons: First, the ground would be  
too hard for the horses' hoofs, and jump-  
ing very dangerous; second, there is no  
scent, and without scent the hounds  
wouldn't know where the fox had gone.  
A long spell of frost is therefore a disas-  
trous condition of things for fox hunters.  
Days and weeks go by, sometimes, wait-  
ing for a thaw, or in hopes that "this  
beastly weather would break up, don't  
you know." Last winter was a particu-  
larly hard one, in more than one respect,  
on hunting. One frost lasted for quite six  
weeks or more, and you should have  
heard the fellows growl and stamp. The  
horses did nothing but stand in their  
stalls and loose boxes eating their heads  
off. Thus far this year the weather has  
kept right, and on off days and in the  
mornings the roads are full of blanketed  
and hooded nags exercising with their  
grooms.

I have said that about 30,000 people  
hunt regularly in England. I dare say  
some people will differ with me at first  
glance. But I wish to lay stress on the  
word regularly. Off and on, as occasion  
offers, business and occupation permits,  
or good fortune enables, there are thou-  
sands of others who hunt. But they only  
hunt when they can. They don't neces-  
sarily keep hunters. They hunt what-  
ever nags they may possess, from car-  
riage horses to ponies. Some people hire  
a horse now and then, others get their  
friends or relatives to give them a mount,  
say half a dozen times in the season, and  
army officers, on occasion, may so utilize  
their chargers. But such irregular pro-  
ceedings can not be dignified by the term  
"hunting," or considered so, when hunt-  
ing as a regular systematic custom is  
under discussion. Did hunting depend  
upon such people, I am afraid it would  
very soon fall into disuse. Yet, I ven-  
ture to say, and I think most men who  
know anything about it will agree with  
me, if you want to hear hunting talked  
up, descanted upon, praised, upheld and  
defended, you'll find it among these  
spasmodic sportsmen.

To judge of hunting, and determine  
whether its observance as an annual cus-  
tom is beneficial or injurious, one must  
weigh all the pros and cons worth con-  
sidering. Judged by the principle of the  
greatest good to the greatest number, it  
must fall to the ground. It affords a cer-  
tain kind of sport; there is a vast amount  
of exhilarating excitement in a good run  
across country, if you are well mounted,  
and there is much that is pleasant in the  
social character of a meet. You are  
thrown in almost daily contact with your  
neighbors; riding across country is said  
to give a man nerve, though, for my  
part, I believe one must possess the nerve  
to begin with—and you get to know  
people better and find out their good  
and bad points. It is a healthful exer-  
cise. "Everybody likes it, my dear boy,"  
the old squire will tell you, as they  
smack their port after dinner; "we like  
it, the horses like it, the hounds like it;  
yes, and egad, I believe the fox likes it,  
too." In this country, there are some  
men, in high places, who discounten-  
ance hunting. They are few, it is true,  
but they are of too high a rank and po-  
sition to attempt to ostracize them. The  
last Earl of Ashburnham was one, and  
the present Lord Ashburnham is another.  
The latter, I believe, will not permit the  
hounds to meet upon or hunt over his  
property. He is cordially disliked, of  
course. But he is too great a man to  
have any one show him openly what  
were he a poor man, would compel him  
to leave England.—London Letter in  
The Argonaut.

Heated by Chemical Foot Warmers.

I once brought a good deal of ridicule  
upon myself by asserting in these col-  
umns that I traveled on an English train  
heated by chemical foot warmers. When  
these things got cold you shook 'em up  
and they gave out heat again. I never  
got any one to believe this story, and yet  
it was true. I have found out since that  
the chemical used was some sort of soda  
affair, and I understand that the fact  
that this compound of soda will give out  
heat has caused it to be used as an engine  
for running street cars. I believe that  
they are going to use the soda motor on a  
Chicago street car line. I don't know  
whether any of the soda foot warmers  
are used in England now or not. I  
couldn't find any on the little island  
when I was there last winter, though  
urged by my unbelieving friends to do so  
for the sake of my own reputation for  
veracity.—Lake Shore in Detroit Free  
Press.

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